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Current Comments

A Prophet in Israel

LORD READING continues to acclaim Mr. Kellogg as the new Messiah. His speech to the English-Speaking Union touched, indeed, a note of almost lyrical ecstasy. We confess, however, to a doubt whether Lord Reading was not begging the question—a habit with minor prophets—when he stressed the old analogy between public and private disputes and saw in the peace pact the faint beginnings of the rule of law among nations. The authority of states over individuals rests not on law, but on the fact that the modern State is realized to represent the only possible working compromise between race and government. It is only from the State that the authority of law derives. What is the authority behind international law? At present the answer is quite simple. There is none. When we have a supernational government, we shall have an international law worthy of the name and fitting Lord Reading's analogy. But that is to beg the question, which is whether a supernational government fulfils any fundamental need of human nature. If not, it will never come into existence. A supernational government would be a weak government, because it would either be a government of delegates, and therefore merely a committee, or a government of representatives, in which case the existence of vast unrepresented minorities all over the world would create a ridiculous situation. Worse still, the claims of race, which have determined the course of history for two thousand years or more, would be left simply unsatisfied. The road to peace is not so easy. It lies only in achieving a harmony between the aspirations and cultures of the great races of the world. To compromise between those aims is to purchase peace at the price of the benefits for which we value peace. We want to cultivate our gardens. We cannot secure our right to do so by accepting the right of everyone else to share the task with us. There are men and women, of course, who prefer cultivating other people's gardens, but, oddly enough, they are usually the people responsible for wars. By pandering to them we shall certainly not ensure peace.

A Word on Art

IT is fashionable to describe the Academy as the worst on record, but even this will not deter me from doing so. The most tragic feature of the exhibition are the crowds round the late Charles Sims's allegorical pictures. They look so earnestly at them and discuss them so plaintively. "This is unintelligible; how clever it must be!"—that is the conclusion reached by nine people out of ten who look at them. In no other country, except America, would such an attitude of mind be general. No wonder the English, as a whole, dislike "clever" people. And still less wonder that nowhere else is the reputation so easily acquired, if not monopolized, by coteries of bogus intellectuals whose collective brain capacity could not run the village shop. That an idea which cannot be expressed lucidly is not worth expressing is an axiom among intelligent people. If it would spread to the intelligentsia, we should be relieved of much bad art and of not a few reputations.

Canterbury, Rome, and the Nonconformist Conscience

THE controversy over the Prayer Book is the most important public event of recent years. The theological issues are best left to theologians, but the political issues cannot be ignored. It should be realized at the outset that the issue raised is not the relationship between the Established Church and the State, but simply whether the Church of England is to remain Established or not. This issue is not prejudged by the action of the House of Commons, who may, for all we know, accept as a *fait accompli* what they were unwilling to accept as a proposition. Alternatively, of course, the Bishops may temporize in the hopes of agreement later. It is, however, of vital importance to realize that the House of Commons have put forward a claim which they cannot sustain and enforce without ending the Establishment. Establishment, as a political fact, rests on the willingness of the nation to accept the doctrines and practices of the Church, and not *vice versa*. The real significance of the Prayer Book division has not been universally grasped. It means not that the Bishops have lost the confidence of the laity, but that a State split into innumerable sects and comprising four nations is no longer willing to accord the privileges of Establishment to the Church of England as it is today. That

the doubts and fears of many Protestants are grounded on very different reasons is clear, but the crisis has arisen only because these doubts and fears have been seized on by the non-Anglican and non-English minority in the House as affording a chance to strike at the Establishment of a Church to which they do not belong and whose doctrine they do not accept. Fear of Rome may have turned many votes, but it was jealousy of Canterbury which decided the issue. The House of Commons may, in effect, though hardly in words, withdraw from its position. If it does not, yet another blow will have been struck against traditional standards and beliefs. We shall have to accept (or reject) the unqualified supremacy of a State wholly secular in its texture. It is an unpleasant prospect.

Music Tinned and Otherwise

THE profit—something over £127,000—made by the British Broadcasting Corporation is not so surprising as the vast cost of their programmes. The fees paid to authors, lecturers, and singers are not very great, and the B.B.C. explain that the greater part of the expenditure is on the music. Is this in accordance with public taste? If so, it affords a surprising comment on the backwardness of our municipalities in organizing and financing municipal orchestras and opera houses. The B.B.C. have a large post-bag, and would surely know if the preponderance of music and singing in their programmes was not popular. But if the public want music, why are they content with tinned music? If the explanation is that the British family merely likes a pleasant noise to drown their own conversation, the riddle is answered; we believe, however, that the public demand for music is serious and growing, and that the example of Manchester, Birmingham, Hastings, and Bournemouth in meeting that demand should be more widely followed.

John Bull in the China Shop

THE new situation in China has not yet been hailed as the dawn of a new era. Since Mr. Wells became lyrical over the ideals of the Kuomintang some months ago, even the most ardent believers in progress have been a little nervous. Signs are not lacking, however, that the issue of a high-sounding manifesto by the new national Government may be seized on by the friends of peace as requiring another step along the path of surrender

to force. Our advice is to wait and see. There is no perversion of history more monstrous than the talk of British imperialism in China. The trouble between the two countries began when a British Minister, anxious to establish friendly relations on the basis of elementary justice, was told that he must enter Pekin on all fours before the matters in dispute could even be discussed. The plain fact is that the Chinese—the soul of integrity in their private dealings—are still incapable of the arts of government. As a result, a vast portion of the inhabited world has been for years condemned to anarchy and pillage. Western Governments have their defects, but in China their achievement in maintaining order and securing justice in the treaty ports without interfering with the political or religious liberties of the Chinese has been a remarkable one. The work of years will be merely undone by any hasty surrender to force or to the threat of force.

The Latest Atlantic Flight

THE Atlantic has been flown again, and no one will grudge Miss Earhart her triumph. The achievement has, however, produced the usual crop of inspired paragraphs on the future of aviation, and the usual failure to face the fact that air transport is the most unreliable and the most expensive form of transport available. No amount of Atlantic flights will alter these facts, because they happen, as things are, to be inherent in the nature of men and things. Absurd parallels are drawn between people who talk sense about the air today, and people who preferred stage-coaches to railways. The only parallel would be, of course, between such people and any who insist today in flying to Paris by balloon instead of by aeroplane. Everyone, including Neon, wants to see better, safer and cheaper aeroplanes. If the Air League can offer us a service which will take us to Paris in half-an-hour for half-a-crown, I would even guarantee that Neon would be the first season-ticket holder. But all this has nothing to do with the essential fact that not a single aeroplane would be flying commercially today without the Government subsidy, for the simple reason that by comparison with other forms of transport air transport is uneconomic. To talk vaguely of the great developments which will occur in the future is no answer, unless you can show that the defects of air

transport are technical defects which can be overcome by mechanical means. A few of them, of course, are, but the overwhelming defects are due to the nature of the air itself. It is very unfortunate, but we fail to see how it can be helped.

Savaging the Police

RECENT events have brought the police very much into the public eye. This is not the time for any comments on matters of procedure recently inquired into; still less for a reference to any of the recent *causes célèbres*. But the public are gravely concerned in one particular direction, and their interests are precisely the opposite of what the Press seems to imagine. The idea that unsupported police testimony should not be accepted is utterly fantastic, as well as grossly insulting to the police. There is never any witness at all to a murder, and in nine crimes or misdemeanours out of ten there are, and can be, no witnesses except the police. If a drunken man is with friends, they look after him. Only if he is alone is he likely to be arrested, and then because he is alone. A burglar is either seen entering or leaving a house by the police, or—in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred—he is seen by no one. The real objection to uncorroborated police evidence in the case of street offences is quite different. The police are pursuing, on the instruction of their superiors, a policy of " keeping the streets clean " for which they have no legal powers. Solicitation, for instance, is not an offence in itself, and a variety of legal fictions, such as causing annoyance or behaving in a manner likely to lead to breach of the peace, have to be utilized to secure convictions. It is here that uncorroborated testimony is an anomaly, because by the nature of the charge the feelings of a third party are the matter in dispute. But the public must be protected against any weak-kneed surrender by those in authority to the outcry against police evidence as such.

A Futile Opposition

WHILE unemployment grows, neither the Liberal nor the Labour Parties have made a single constructive criticism of the Government's industrial policy. Mr. Winston Churchill's scheme for rating relief holds the field unchallenged. Recent political history affords no parallel to this situation, which would be satisfactory enough if trade were good, or

even improving, but which, as things are, is not. The plain fact is that Government has by its progressive interference with the economic life of the country—whether such interference was wise or unwise is beside the point—outrun the capacity of our Governmental machinery. No opposition can stand up on technical questions to a front bench forearmed with the advice of its experts and the data of its extremely acute statisticians. The fiasco of the Liberal Party's criticism of the Budget proposals was only one, though a very striking, instance. Their claim that relief would go mainly to prosperous industries was not simply overborne—it was shattered. No great party has ever been made to look so ridiculous in a full-dress debate. The Labour Party were only less ridiculous because they showed less courage. We must beware, however, of attributing a relatively amusing spectacle to the mental superiority of the Conservative Party. We think, as we said last month, that their policy is wise and, subject to certain provisoes, likely to be really helpful to industry. Their escape from serious criticism is not due to their own merits, but to the inadequacy of the Parliamentary machine. Detailed administrative and financial problems cannot be usefully discussed in debate.

The Function of Debate

A STRIKING confirmation of this was provided by the debate on the Prayer Book, when our much-abused House of Commons, discussing a constitutional issue to which its machinery is adapted, showed itself supremely competent. This is said not to endorse for one moment the decision which was reached. We have dealt with this above. It is merely to contrast the quality of the output of the machine when it is being suitably employed with that which we have come regretfully to expect when it is being turned to tasks for which it is radically unsuited. The question which the House should have been discussing in connection with the Budget, because it was the only one which could usefully have been debated, was never once mentioned. This question is whether the Government should continue to maintain expenditure at its present level, or whether industry is incapable of supporting the burden. Once the principle is accepted, the Government scheme for raising the money—essentially of a technical nature—should be left to be thrashed out by experts round a table under conditions which

would allow the ripe experience of men of all parties to be brought freely to bear on the details.

THE growth in the numbers of those drawing unemployment benefit is likely to bring this point to a head.

How to Control Administration

This Government at least is committed to unemployment insurance on a basis only partially contributory. Whether we like it or not—and for our part we do not, and see no practical difficulty in the gradual liquidation over a ten-year period of the Government's liabilities to the unemployment fund—we must for the moment accept this position. What we cannot lightly accept is the virtual irresponsibility of the Ministry of Labour in the administration of vast sums of public money on a service where the minute details of administrative policy have far-reaching social results. Neither the procedure for discussing estimates, nor the working of the Public Accounts Committee, gives the House of Commons any adequate control of administration—and modern politics are 90 per cent. administration. It would surprise many to know that by the control of administration, without any legislation or threat of legislation, poor relief in Poplar has been entirely remodelled. Poplarism is, in Poplar, a thing of the past, though the personnel of the Poplar Board remains unchanged. The reason is quite simple. The Government Auditor has turned his attention from principles to details. Thousands of individual cases have been examined, sifted and discussed, and a tradition of administrative thoroughness has been established in the process. Practices have already grown up and precedents been established which have reduced to a staggering extent the weekly expenditure of the guardians without causing the slightest hardship. The same principle should apply as between the House of Commons and the spending departments. The only obstacle is that whereas, under Mr. Neville Chamberlain's new Act, the Government Auditor has a power of surcharge on Boards of Guardians which is not subject to ministerial revision—but only to the High Court—and has thus got a real power of suasion, the House of Commons has no real power over the Government except such power as the Government choose to confer. The remedy lies with private members of all parties, who should be able to rely on the support of the Opposition front benches.

What is wanted is an Estimates' Committee with a trained permanent staff and an independent chairman, which should sit all the year round and bring the administrative policy of all departments under review. Then, and not till then, will the House of Commons as a whole be armed against the executive.

Honours Easy

THE Birthday Honours seem to have pleased an exceptionally large number of people. As a nation we suffer gladly, and the fountain of honour flows over our unoffending heads without raising a protest. It is, however, too readily assumed that the unimpeachable personal integrity of the recipients of honours (since the days of the Coalition) is all that can be demanded. There is something amiss with a system which leaves a majority of the great men of our day distinguished by their lack of honorific distinction. There are honourable exceptions, of course. Sir James Barrie is obviously one. Thomas Hardy was another. Lord Balfour is yet a third. But in all too many cases the rule holds. The trouble is that our honours are too distinctive, and not sufficiently distinguished. Few men like to be the victims of a distinction which implies no difference except in the amount of their bills. Of course, we have the Order of the British Empire as a solatium for the poor and humble, but something is badly needed for the poor and proud. An Order of Contemptible Poverty, with a badge to be worn when shopping or staying in hotels, might perhaps rally the intellectuals to the support of our harassed Prime Ministers.

An Apt Comment on Education

THAT the impending change in the elementary schools should have been announced to an empty House of Commons is an apt but, we fear, unintended comment on our educational system and its contribution to national welfare. If even half of what educationists say about themselves were true, we should have to comment more than adversely on the cynical indifference of our legislators to the future of the British people, of European civilization, and, according to Mr. Baldwin, of the universe itself. Taking a less dramatic view of the possibilities of education, which will continue to be limited first and foremost by the scarcity of people capable of educating anyone, we must still confess to a certain alarm that a

change such as is now proposed should be put through by administrative action and without serious discussion. The fixing of the upward limit for primary education at eleven and the transfer of children of eleven and over to secondary or quasi-secondary schools is, no doubt, wise. But we should like to know more of the nature of the more "liberal" instruction to be given in senior schools, of its relation to the technical instruction to be given in many of them, and, above all, of the proportion of senior schools which will give only the secondary education of the present type. If the change, moreover, as regards children between eleven and fourteen, means the substitution, as we shrewdly suspect, for mind training, of a distribution in tabloid form of so-called modern ideas, it is going to be a change wholly for the bad. On the other hand, it is refreshing to know that, in regard to children over fourteen, the Board of Education are at last alive to the futility of creating at the public expense a surplus army of parasitic black-coats.

The Franc and its Lesson

THE impending stabilization of the franc at something like a fifth of its pre-war value marks virtually the end of the era of indeterminate currencies. It is interesting to speculate as to the wisdom or otherwise of the French policy. Holders of pre-war investments in France have lost an overwhelming proportion of their capital, as against a loss in England of a good deal less than 50 per cent. On the other hand, those well acquainted with industrial conditions in France today can hardly refrain from wondering what would have been the effect of the stabilization of the £ sterling on a gold bullion basis in 1920–21. The answer, perhaps, is that what we should have gained in the North of England we should have lost in the City of London, though it is by no means certain. The practical lesson of the French Government's achievement is that money is too sensitive to become the servant of policy. That is a lesson sadly needed, not only by a good many economists but by the majority of progressive politicians. A currency now seen to have been inherently stable was nearly depreciated beyond recovery, not mainly by financial laxity, but by the lack of public confidence in a weak administration. What was ascribed to the logic of facts is clearly shown to have been due solely to the faulty logic of the *Cartel des Gauches*. The

idea of the elasticity of credit is a tempting one, which lies at the bottom of most schemes of social reconstruction. The very moderation of the "progressive" economists in admitting an upward limit to useful inflation is apt to deceive. The wisdom of a close control over the executive in the matter of the fiduciary issue is very clear.

Age and Innocence

THE retirement of Mr. Whitley from the Chair severs another link with the world of 1914. Actually the first post-war Speaker, Mr. Whitley, Chairman of Committees and Deputy Speaker for many years before the war, bridged a gap between the old Parliaments and the new. When we consider the long ascendancy of the Victorian political leaders, it is hard to realize that on the front Opposition bench today there is no one, and on the Government front bench only two men, who held high office before the war—barely fourteen years ago. Of the earlier age Lord Balfour alone remains, surviving blandly into a new age with which he has achieved an effortless familiarity. From the Congress of Berlin to Geneva is a long road, and students of history will hardly see in it the successful achievement of peace with honour. Today, as then, we cry peace when there is no peace. The only difference is that we talk less about honour. But then, the grand manner is out of favour. New times, no manners. Memories, however, remain, and we can recapture them. To help us to do so is the purpose of our ceremonial and unbending insistence on procedure. While we have the forms of dignity and the conventions of honour we shall have not a little of the substance. It is the privilege of the Speaker of the House of Commons to uphold the tradition of dignity in our public life. That is why men of all parties are grateful to Mr. Whitley, who has seen to it that in those post-war Parliaments there has been no post-war behaviour.

The Indian Princes' Visit

THE visit of a number of the Ruling Princes of India is an event of importance. The Government of British India and the Indian Empire are two different things, and the Princes have come to remind us of the fact. The Indian States have in the aggregate a population of over 70,000,000. Their rulers have vast responsibilities, the discharge of which is not invariably assisted by the

progress of "Indianization" in the government of British India. To weaken the authority of one ruler is to weaken the authority of Rule. Other, less subtle, difficulties have arisen in the matter, for instance, of the tariff policy of British India, which has been determined by British-Indian needs with definitely bad results for particular Indian States. But these practical difficulties are only symptoms of the real trouble. As long as the British governed India, the Indian States were content not to insist too much on the letter of their independence. They could trust us to preserve the spirit of it. With the Indian lawyer-politician climbing into the saddle, the attitude of the Indian Princes is necessarily different. It is, indeed, peculiar that Mr. Curtis should have neglected to recommend for India, where it was urgently required in the bare interests of justice, a measure of that federalism which he was so anxious a few years ago to foist on to the whole British Commonwealth. It is equally peculiar that Mr. Montagu and his advisers, in their anxiety to confer self-government on classes and races at least dubiously fit for it, should have ignored the reactions of their policy on those vast territories which already enjoyed it. Presumably the fact that these States have not got a Western Parliamentary Government, and do not want it, made their autonomy a thing of small account. The right of States to govern themselves depends apparently on their willingness to accept a Government designed for them by someone else. In our view, on the contrary, it depends on their capacity to govern, a capacity which the Indian Princes possess in full measure.

The Totalisator in the Commons

THE obstruction of the Totalisator Bill shows the House of Commons at its worst. To tolerate betting as long as it is illegal is an act of intolerable moral cowardice. If any fanatic were prepared to put down betting by force of law he would be morally justified in a piece of intellectual folly; but the opponents of the present Bill are not prepared to lose their seats by advocating the imprisonment of every one found guilty of laying or taking odds. Neither does the fact that the bookmakers are opposed to the Bill lend moral dignity to the attitude of the obstructionists. The bookmakers claim, officially, to give better odds than the "tote," and if they do, they will not

suffer. The case for the "tote" is that it is a revenue-producer, that it safeguards the small backer, that it gives the correct odds, and, above all, that it works in the open. In the long run all these considerations are for the good of sport as well as for the good of the public.

Law and Morality

Our betting law as it stands is not a moral one. It enacts no code, good, bad, or indifferent. It merely reflects a bourgeois prejudice which the rich and poor alike treat with the contempt it deserves. It is time that the House of Commons, and, we may relevantly add, a good many judges on the bench, realized that bourgeois morality has gone for good. It is almost the only redeeming feature in the decay of manners that the worship of appearances for their own sake is a thing of the past outside the suburbs. As with divorce, so with betting, there are only two possible courses. One is to allow it, the other is to forbid it. The habit of divorce court judges of pontificating about the moral character of parties to divorce suits is as intolerable as the Pecksniffian attitude of our bourgeois politicians towards betting. Marriage is either a sacrament, in which case the State has no power to annul it, or it is a civil contract. If it is regarded as such, and such only, it is absurd to expect of the parties to it an adherence to a code of morality which they break by the very act of being married in a registry office. In the eyes of very many people the causes leading to divorce are sinful, but to attempt to use the machinery of secular justice to ram such convictions, however wise, down the throats of people who are perfectly sincere in not sharing them is to bring the law into disrepute. It is the business of the Churches to preach and foster morality. It is only proper and decent for the State to do so if it is wholly and genuinely sincere, and if its own code of morality is almost universally accepted. Today, however, everyone bets, and divorced parties are accepted generally in and out of society. Some Churches condemn betting and others condemn divorce, but the public, for good or ill, condemns neither out of hand nor without reservations, and its servants must realize the fact, if the authority of law is to be maintained. Legal shams are the end of all morality, because they foster moral cowardice of a particularly pestilential kind.

D. J.

Notes from Paris

By George Adam

A French Ballin.—The death of M. John Dal Piaz calls for more than the brief comment of newspaper obituary. He did for French merchant shipping through building up and renovating the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique what Herr Ballin did for Germany. In a way his task was more difficult, for it is perhaps an easier matter to create enthusiasm for a new idea than it is to put the breath of life again into a body dying rapidly of neglect. Before the war French passenger ships had but a poor reputation among world travellers. They were slow, uncomfortable, not over-clean and even the seamanship of their officers and the discipline of their crews were distrusted by Anglo-Saxons, who form the majority of wealthy ocean travellers. France, despite her immense seaboard, despite the fine traditions which shed lustre on French no less than on British naval history, seemed to have lost in the constant preoccupation over her eastern land frontiers all sense of the sea and the world power that it gives.

The navy, recruited as it largely was, from among the Catholic seaboard populations of Brittany, officered mainly by youngsters of good family, was treated as the Cinderella of the public services, and became the prey of anti-clerical politicians. Economists, I believe, still argue as to whether trade follows the flag or the flag follows the trade, but there is general agreement that one cannot flourish without the other. Both the war fleet and the merchant marine of France were in a rapid decline when the war broke out, and that they are both rapidly coming back is in a large measure due to the almost unbelievable energy and daring of the late M. Dal Piaz.

He entered the service of the C.G.T. at the age of twenty-three, and leaves it, after forty years of work, the *porte drapeau* of French foreign trade in North and South America, and as the pioneer of world travel in

the great empire France has fashioned for herself in Northern Africa. He was an ardent worshipper at the shrine of travel and everything connected with that romantic occupation. He built ships, he owned ships, he ran ships. He was a banker, a super-hotel keeper, a colonizer and, not being a vulgar profiteer, was a great citizen of France.

Stabilization.—These notes are being written before the great week-end when stabilization is generally expected to be made an accomplished fact. Stabilization, like extraction, is not always a painless operation, and it is becoming increasingly apparent that somebody will have to pay something for the operation. You cannot, after all is said and done, cut your franc down to a fifth of its pre-war value and leave rents at only twice their pre-war figure without landlords getting restive. When this much-abused social necessity starts moving his prices up, nearly everything else is bound to follow and the prophets of a further increase in the cost of living are numerous and emphatic. Having received notice from my landlord and an intimation that he can obtain from a new tenant five times the amount of rent I now pay him, I am naturally all on the side of those Frenchmen who point out that living has always been cheaper in France than it has been in England and that in any case they don't see why they as the result of their victory should have to rebuild their existences on a gold dollar standard. There are many signs that every kind of tradesman, whether it be of houses or of bread and butter, intends to use stabilization as a lever for increasing the cost of living, and it will probably take some time to convince folk that the cost of living puts up the general cost of production and is therefore bound to react upon export trade, general prosperity and tourist traffic.

Hoover and Presidency. — All Transatlantic flights notwithstanding, France still, like the rest of the world, finds it exceedingly difficult to understand the United States of America, and the nomination of Herbert Hoover as Republican candidate for the Presidency arouses the apprehension even of those who do know

something about American politics and the Republican machine. Mr. Hoover's European record is rich in reasons for European gratitude. He saved Belgium from starvation, he fed the North of France and staved off famine in Eastern Europe. But in spite of all this replenishing performance to the general public in France, he is known mainly as the namesake of a domestic vacuum cleaner. To the initiated he is known as the man of "big business" who has not been backward in seeking employment for American capital abroad in his dealings with Great Britain, Belgium, France, Russia and Germany. Indeed, to French eyes, Mr. Hoover while a welcome contrast to Mr. Wilson, is perhaps too violently realistic, not sufficiently grown up, not pickled to the right degree in century-old culture, to be able to understand or assist Europe with her complicated and wasteful processes of individual workmanship and national life. In other words, it may be said that those people in France who worry about Americans save as raw material to be exploited and turned to profit as tourists, realize that Mr. Hoover is likely to be rather too good a representative of the occasionally crude appetite of America when convened to an international dining-table.

Parliamentary Infallibility

By Austin Hopkinson, M.P.

"If it were a matter of wrong or wicked lewdness, O ye Jews, reason would that I should bear with you: But if it be a question of words and names, and of your law, look ye to it; for I will be no judge of such matters. And he drave them from the judgment seat."—Acts xviii, 14–16.

THE debates in the House of Commons on the Prayer Book Measure must have caused many who heard them to conceive the desire that the spirit of Gallio might rule that assembly, and to entertain the hope that a nation, which fought a stern and successful fight against the interference of the Church in politics, may ultimately be led by that experience to understand that incursions of the State into purely ecclesiastical matters may be equally dangerous. Those of us who, like the vast majority of the members of the Church of England, rarely take part in any kind of religious service, should find it an easy matter to adopt the attitude of sane detachment which marked the Roman deputy of Achaia. Upon such as we are the frantic lust for persecution surely should never come. We ought to be able to regard without excitement the slovenly Evangelical parish priest lounging through his task, and equally unmoved to view the Anglo-Catholic practising his wildest eccentricities of exotic ritual. If people find their spiritual progress is better fostered by the one or by the other, let them look to it. For we, at least, have no claim to constitute ourselves the judges of such matters. We have, however, the right of driving theological brawlers from the judgment seat, and surely the House of Commons would have better served its own interest, and that of the Church, if it had refused to enter into a controversy of so obscure a nature.

But that spirit, which Walt Whitman so aptly termed "the insolence of elected persons," prevailed in the House of Commons. Being omnipotent, we believed ourselves to be omniscient. Bishops, priests, and deacons might be unanimous in their desire for certain liturgical changes; but we, the Chosen of the People, were determined to assert our infallibility, and did so, by a small majority. The time has now come for considering the probable effect of our action, and it is possible that

some of us may begin to doubt whether the views of the House of Commons on the sacraments are really of greater importance than the opinions of persons who presumably have some knowledge of the matter. But during the debates we cast such doubts from us. Tense with emotion we heard the mob-orator rattle the tin-can of false sentiment from his re-echoing orange-box. Sternly we set our jaws as the political lawyers, who are the backbone of Protestantism, proved to us conclusively that religion is merely a useful device for harrying people who venture to hold opinions which do not coincide at all points with ours. None could view us unmoved and, if the angels did not weep, doubtless they laughed. As we squeezed the unhappy Church of England into the Scavenger's Daughter of our narrow dogmatic medievalism, our self-righteousness was as complete as when, on an occasion some little time ago, we solemnly decided by an overwhelming majority that no one is ever drunk in the House of Commons. We were not long-suffering, nor were we kind. We envied, we were easily provoked, we sought our own. We vaunted ourselves, were puffed up, and thought all manner of evil of our opponents. In short, we proved conclusively that an assembly which is mainly agnostic is really not a suitable body for defining the faith necessary to salvation.

Whether the reader agrees or disagrees with my criticism of Parliament masquerading as an Œcumenical Council, he will probably not differ from me when I suggest that there is something gravely defective in a system under which a secular body finds itself, willingly or unwillingly, deciding obscure points of sacramental doctrine. Parliament, like the general public, is made up of persons to the vast majority of whom the sacraments convey no meaning of any kind. The whole position is anomalous, and probably arises from the fact that our seventeenth-century liturgy was to a large extent a political manifesto and only secondarily a confession of faith.

But surely the ultimate root of the trouble is to be found in this: that the Church of England has never yet faced boldly the problem of authority. The remarkably

astute and experienced persons who direct the policy of the Vatican recognized many years ago that a definite source of authority must be found if institutionalism is to be justified. Doubtless they were well aware of the inevitable difficulties which would arise from a declaration of Papal Infallibility. But they dealt boldly with the matter and, by that declaration, have placed the Roman Church in an impregnable, though perhaps somewhat uncomfortable, position. In vain the rising tide of scientific discovery and the waves of criticism surge around that rock. No increase of knowledge can now shake it. But the Church of England has continually evaded the issue, and our national genius for compromise and illogicality has enabled it to avoid for centuries the necessity for defining explicitly whence it derives its authority. For many generations it depended upon the written word. But a long time has now elapsed since a critical examination of the Scriptures proved how unstable a foundation they afford. Indeed, the Anglo-Catholic movement would appear to be little more than a reaction against the former bibliolatry, and an attempt to find infallibility in the still more doubtful authority of the traditions of a Church whose history is in many places a record of shame and horror. We realize now that, even before Constantine plunged the Church into final degradation, it had already become secularized, paganized, and institutionalized to such a degree that Christianity was preserved from extinction only, as it were, by a miracle. A study of the history of Buddhism and of other creeds appears to show that religions flourish until they become the bases of institutions, and that then they die.

This, at the least, is certain, that neither the authority of the written word nor that of ecclesiastical tradition will satisfy the younger generation, which is asking more and more urgently whether there is any secure abiding place to be found between the Papal Infallibility of Rome and the Inner Light of the Quakers. Let us openly admit the obvious truth that sacramentalism of any kind fails to attract the vast majority of our nation, and that our young people for the most part care nothing for the exact wording of this or that ordinance of the Church. They want to know by what authority the Church is entitled

to issue any ordinances at all, and none seem able to give them a satisfying answer. If they decide, as many scholars advise, to reject the passage, *Tu es Petrus . . .*, what sanction remains for the existence of the Church except mere expediency? If ecclesiastics tell them that it is in the highest degree expedient that there should be an organization to preserve and expound the written word, they can readily agree. And when the hierarchy, as has recently been the case, decides that the time has come for a very cautious advance in the direction of slightly more freedom of exposition, they can appreciate the very moderate measure of courage thus displayed. They perceive that the doctrine of the Church can never at this pace overtake the current of modern thought. But at least the bishops are showing the right spirit, when they advocate a little loosening of the fetters of dogma, and a little more freedom in ritual for those who believe that they can advance by that method.

Is it likely, however, that those who direct the affairs of the Church of England will repeat their interesting experiment after their recent experiences? For, as soon as the ecclesiastical tortoise tentatively protruded its head from under the carapace of obsolete doctrine, the iron heel of the House of Commons came down upon that head with crushing brutality. The supreme spiritual authority of Parliament was thus vindicated, and now we know definitely that the Church of England is not to be allowed to depart by one iota from seventeenth-century theology and ritual, whatever may be the trend of educated thought in the country. The House of Commons has publicly affirmed its own infallibility in all spiritual matters and, if any man shall be so bold as to question that infallibility—*anathema sit!* The stern Protestants, who foam at the mouth with rage against the presumption of Rome, complacently accept a new Pope in the form of an assembly which is largely pagan, thus making Parliament a laughing-stock and the Church of England a tragedy. The bishops are swept aside as being incompetent to frame proposals for liturgical reform, and Sir William Joynson-Hicks is understood to be preparing a Revised Prayer Book for the use of the Church of England—*Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.*

There, for the moment, the matter rests in a position as unsatisfactory as it can well be, both from the point of view of the Church and from that of Parliament. None can yet foretell with any confidence even the immediate solution of the difficulty which will be sought. The bishops, it is true, must be gravely tempted to send the State about its business, to burn down their episcopal palaces, to abolish clerical stipends, and thus to drive their parish priests into the byways and hedges with neither silver, nor gold, nor brass in their purses. But I feel assured that this temptation will be resisted—and wisely so. For it is evident that neither Church nor nation is yet ready to accept Christianity. The time for that will come, and is perhaps much nearer than is imagined by most people. But it has obviously not yet arrived. And to anticipate a situation which has not yet arisen would be almost as foolish as the action of the House of Commons in compelling the Church to conform to one which ceased to exist some two hundred years ago.

A definite conversion of Church and nation to Christianity being thus, for the moment, outside the range of practical politics, the bishops appear to have two alternatives before them. Either they can agree with their adversary while they are in the way with him, and accept the version of the Revised Prayer Book which Sir William Joynson-Hicks declares to be in accord with orthodoxy, though to do so would place that statesman in grave jeopardy. For his former followers, balked of their Anglo-Catholic quarry, might well turn upon him and rend him—alas! poor Actæon.

The other course of action open to the bishops is to take no positive action at all, but simply to say nothing and await events. If they choose this policy, the House of Commons can hardly blame them. When one has bound one's opponent hand and foot with many a cunning knot, it is unreasonable to expect him to exhaust himself with useless struggling.

[*The reader should note a letter on the Prayer Book by Mr. V. A. Malcolmson, which appears this month among our Correspondence.*—ED.]

Trade Unionism in Search of a Policy

By Major H. J. Gillespie, D.S.O.

"NOTHING stays put." That is the crystallization of Mr. Bernard Shaw's wisdom, accumulated during seventy years and decanted for the benefit of the intelligent woman who wants a guide to Socialism and Capitalism. Mr. Shaw is only paraphrasing the observation of the Greek philosopher—that you cannot step into the same river twice.

Nothing, for instance, is more surprising than the pained surprise of British trade union leaders, and particularly the miners, on finding that the river of industry, from which they gaily step to call a strike by telegram, is not the same river when they seek to step back into it after the strike has collapsed—or succeeded.

The third of May 1926 marked the end of an epoch in British industrial history. That fact is beginning to dawn upon some of the leaders. They realize that a General Strike is a card that can only be played once.

It was the logical and inevitable culmination of the policy and practice of trade unionism for half a century or more. Unions had become more and more powerful; alliances or amalgamations had become more and more comprehensive; demands had become more and more revolutionary, in the sense that they could only be granted by effecting a revolutionary change in the whole conduct and structure of industry. Such a machine cannot be run indefinitely "in neutral." It must be put into gear or it will go to pieces. The Triple Alliance went to pieces. The General Council of the Trade Union Congress put the clutch in—and the engine misfired.

Now trade unionism is seeking a policy. Obviously a policy based upon the perfection of a certain piece of machinery is not of much use when that machine is proved to be dud. That is the explanation of what Mr. A. J. Cook scornfully calls "Mondism." Mr. Citrine is playing for time. At all costs the unions must be given time to pay off their debts and fill up their ranks. The member of the rank and file must be led to believe that his leaders have a plan; that they can and will do something to improve his lot. Otherwise even the faithful will not stay in the unions.

But playing for time is not a policy. The Fabians may believe in the inevitability of gradualness, but at least they are fairly sure in their own mind as to what it is that is inevitably, if gradually, approaching. Messrs. Citrine, Turner and Co. are not in the same state of grace. They are not quite certain what trade unionism is out to do and still more uncertain whether it can do it. Some heretics have adopted the slogan of "Sack the Lot." Their voice is still for war. That the General Strike has been tried and failed is to them all the more reason for shouting "Long live the General Strike."

What *is* trade unionism for, anyway? That is the question that some Labour leaders are beginning to whisper to themselves, if not yet to each other. Its original purpose may be described shortly as the protection of the workers from being "taken in detail" and exploited individually by the employer and, in spite of the passionate proclamations of the Left Wing, that object has been pretty well achieved. By trade boards, by the Industrial Court, by conciliation boards, by Parliament, above all by public opinion, the individual workman *is* now fairly adequately protected. Trade unionism has done its job in that direction.

A simultaneous purpose was the provision of certain "benefits" in old age, sickness or any other adversity. But that function of the early associations of workpeople has been very largely transferred to the State, in conjunction with societies and organizations having a wider basis than employment in a craft or trade, and the tendency is more and more in that direction.

Next came the policy of combined and forceful action to extort wholesale concessions from the employer; to improve the status of the worker from the position of a recipient of wages to that of a partner; and eventually to supersede the capitalist altogether and "take over industry." That policy has failed. Its principal effect was to compel the employers themselves to organize. Yet it is no exaggeration to say that a whole generation of British trade unionists has been brought up to believe, as an article of faith that precluded argument, that capitalism was crumbling to its fall, and that they had only to march round the citadel a few more times for the walls to fall down flat and allow them to enter into the promised land of Socialism. That is a solemn fact.

Of the coming collapse of capitalism they had, and many of them still have, no doubt whatever. Their leaders, however, are beginning to have very grave doubts indeed. The citadel of capitalism remains "more than ordinary calm," and from its balconies and battlements Lord Melchett (as we must get accustomed to calling Sir Alfred Mond), Sir Josiah Stamp, Lord Aberconway and other benign captains of industry beam blandly forth. They have seen the perplexity and uneasiness of the trade union leaders and they have invited them to come inside.

They have gone in, but they have gone with no very definite idea in their mind except that thereby they would obtain a breathing space. And in this interval they have begun an attempt to make themselves masters in their own house. They are trying to scotch the Red menace—the Communists, the Minority Movement, the Ginger Groups, and all the elements that may be included under the title "Left Wing." But the very fact that they can be so included exposes the extreme delicacy and difficulty of their problem. They have begun a purge and have obtained a lot of publicity for it. But where are they going to draw the line? You may answer the question "When is a Communist not a Communist?" by the formula "When he is not a member of the Communist Party," but one need mention no names in order to make the point that some of the most awkward thorns in the flesh of the General Council are not, in fact, members of the Communist Party. They may even be members of the General Council.

It must never be forgotten that what the trade union leaders need more than anything is members. Their ideal is always 100 per cent. organization, and unless they achieve something approaching that ideal, they lose all power and consequence. Now you cannot long combine the divergent policies of heresy-hunting and 100 per cent. organization. Nor can you logically suffer a man to be a member and a financial contributor but deny him as a delegate and a spokesman. You may do it successfully for a time, but only if you are driving ahead with a policy of your own that commends itself and is bringing obvious benefits to your followers. Otherwise there will be an inevitable reaction. The heretics will become heroes and the hunt will be extended from the Left Wing to the Right. As soon as membership of

the craft, trade or industry, ceases to be, of itself, the only qualification for membership of, and full rights in, a trade union, then begins the disintegration of trade unionism as we have known it and the disappearance of its claim—implicit, if not expressed—to be an estate of the realm.

After the collapse of the General Strike I asked a member of the Communist Party what, in his opinion, was the future of the trade union movement. He replied that it would split into three parts—the Reds, "Spencerism," and Non-unionism. It looks as if he may be right. At least it seems that, just as the Labour movement has destroyed the Liberal Party (without, as yet, being able to supplant it), so the Left Wing movement is destroying trade unionism without being able to fill the place it occupied.

The trade union leaders, then, went into the Mond conferences in search of a policy for themselves. What are the chances that they will find one that will satisfy their followers? In the first place they go in with the millstone of nationalization still hanging round their necks. In their heart they no longer believe in it, and Mr. Shaw has declared that you may nationalize till you are blue or red in the face, but that, unless therewith you get equality of income, it will be all vanity and vexation of spirit. The Guild Socialists, who had a great and lasting influence upon trade union mentality in their time, condemned mere nationalization long ago. But the trade union leaders have not yet come to the point of telling their electors that nationalization is "bunk" and that the main plank in their platform is rotten.

Then there does not appear to be anything in the programme or possibilities of the Mond conferences that will resolve that ancient antinomy between wages and profits. Capital and Labour may agree to co-operate whole-heartedly in order that the dividend may be as great as possible, but they must always differ as to how that dividend is to be shared between them.

Thirdly, there is the fact that the traditional policy of trade unionism is the employment of the greatest number that the job will bear rather than the production of the greatest output by the smallest number of workers that is consistent with efficiency. Mr. Shaw has told his intelligent lady friend that the bricklayer is just as much

entitled to restrict himself to three bricks a day as is his employer to sell the completed building for the highest price he can get. The point is arguable; but whether or not he is entitled to do it, he can only do it successfully if he can prevent other bricklayers from laying bricks more rapidly. Membership again!

It will be seen that trade unionism has a good many worn-out vestments to discard. What have the Mond conferences to offer in exchange? The rank and file is not likely to be satisfied indefinitely with ready-made resolutions on the gold standard and similar stuff. Have the conferences really anything to suggest other than the development of "Spencerism" on a large scale? Now there is a very great deal to be said in favour of "Spencerism." It may yet represent the future, and a contented future, for British trade unionism; but it will not come to pass without an interval of tremendous reaction to the Left. The rank and file—and particularly the vocal and active members thereof—will not accept "Spencerism" or non-political trade unionism at the first offer, and the leaders will recoil to the Left—especially if funds and membership should increase during the breathing space, if trade should happily improve, and politics look favourable for Labour.

Moreover, non-political trade unionism does not put the workers in the position in which the more active spirits amongst them want to be—that of their own employers. Is there no possible alternative policy? I think perhaps there may be, although it is a long road and a hard one. If the trade unions want workers' control, they must go into industry frankly as capitalists. If they want to call the tune they must put up the money, or persuade someone else to do so. That at least would be a definite and defensible policy. Where would the money come from? Partly, doubtless, from trade union funds. But I have always wondered at the apparent facility with which more or less obscure individuals are able to raise millions "in the city," i.e. from the public. I see no reason why, in a different atmosphere from that of the last quarter of a century, the Trade Union Congress, or even individual unions, if their leaders really possess the ability with which they invite us to credit them, should not be able to raise as many millions as they want for productive enterprise.

Japan and Manchuria

By J. O. P. Bland

On May 19, discussing Mr. Secretary Kellogg's draft treaty for the renunciation of war, Sir Austen Chamberlain was careful to note that its terms excluded "action which a State may be forced to take in self-defence." Also he considered it advisable to remind Mr. Kellogg that "there are certain regions of the world, the welfare and integrity of which constitute a special and vital interest for our peace and safety. His Majesty's Government have been at pains to make it clear in the past that interference with these regions cannot be suffered." On the same day, the Japanese military authorities in North China provided the world with a remarkable illustration of the far-reaching significance of such reservations, by proclaiming their intention of preventing any Chinese combatants, whether defeated or victorious, from entering Manchuria; moreover, they announced their unwillingness to brook any interference with their policy in that region. Seldom has there been a more sudden and dramatic exposition of the truth that activity in the search for formulas and pacts to ensure the preservation of peace is in itself a symptom of latent causes of conflict. Never has there been a clearer demonstration of the futility of the panaceas of pacificism, when confronted with the stern realities of rival nations struggling for survival and a place in the sun. For here, at the very outset of the world's latest experiment in peace pacts, we see a nation adopting measures of "self-defence" which violate the *de jure* "sovereign rights" of a weak neighbour, and which, in their results, may well constitute a menace to the "self-defence" programmes of others. We shall probably never know whether those who frame and guide Japan's ever-cautious policies had any foreknowledge of the nature of Sir Austen Chamberlain's reply to Mr. Kellogg before they closed the Manchurian frontier to China's rabble armies. If the tenor of that reply was not known in Tokyo before May 19, it must have come as a very welcome surprise. For it proclaims, even more decidedly than our readiness to

participate in peace treaties, the principle of non-interference in any region "whose welfare and integrity constitute a special and vital interest" for the signatory concerned. At this point it is pertinent to observe that Great Britain has recognized Japan's "special rights and interests" in Manchuria even more explicitly than the special rights and interests claimed by the United States, under the Monroe doctrine, in the South American Continent.

There is nothing surprising in the fact that Japan should have been compelled by the increasingly chaotic condition of affairs in North China, and especially by the indiscipline of the native troops at Tsinanfu, to make definite assertion of her position and intentions with regard to Manchuria. The surprising thing is that the Chinese war-lords, who had been fairly warned of those intentions, should have been so wilfully blind, or so reckless, as to place the Japanese authorities in a position which left them practically no alternative.

Baron Tanaka's Government—none too firmly in the saddle—had given unmistakable evidence of its desire to temporize, to preserve the *status quo*, and to avoid intervention in Chinese affairs, while affording protection whenever necessary to the persons and property of Japanese subjects resident in China. Such troops as were despatched to Shantung, were sent (like the British Defence Force to Shanghai) for this purpose only, and with the definite assurance that they would be withdrawn upon the restoration of law and order. Since the Washington Conference, Japan's policy towards China has been, like our own, one of patient conciliation and benevolent neutrality, tempered (unlike ours) by a resolute refusal to surrender lawfully-established interests to illegal violence. Her attitude, in fact, has been consistently correct, in accordance with the spirit and the letter of the Washington agreements. For her, there was nothing to be gained, and much to be risked, by forcing the pace or by acting independently. The position of comparative isolation in which she found herself after the Washington Conference and the abrogation of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance; the post-war wealth and strength of the United States and the rapidly-increasing importance to that

country of the Far Eastern markets; the impossibility of renewing the Russo-Japanese *entente* on satisfactory terms; and, finally, the strain imposed upon her financial resources by the disastrous earthquake of 1923—all these were factors which, as a matter of necessity, imposed upon the rulers of Japan a period of watchful waiting and cautious preparation, similar to those which followed upon the fall of the Shogunate in 1868, and the war with China in 1895. Moreover, from the commercial point of view (which concerns the Japanese Government far more today than it did twenty years ago) there was every reason for stretching the conciliatory policy to its farthest limits. Japanese trade with China has greatly grown and prospered of late, partly as the result of the Nationalist-Bolshevik boycotting of the British. A very influential body of commercial and financial opinion would therefore have brought its weight to bear upon any Cabinet which failed to do its utmost to keep on good terms with those elements of Chinese politics upon whose goodwill or hostility many trade interests depend. This being so, for the last three years, on the Yangtsze and elsewhere, Japan has overlooked, without retaliation, attacks on her subjects and violation of their Treaty rights, content to bide her time and make the best of things, so long as her position of economic and strategic advantage in Manchuria and Mongolia was not directly threatened. But on this vital subject the Japanese authorities have been perfectly frank in their warnings to all concerned. Six months ago they announced that, if the Chinese continued to ignore their agreements on matters affecting the South Manchurian Railway and other important Japanese interests, the Japanese Government might be compelled to remind Peking that "Manchuria does not form an integral part of China," and proceed to deal with it accordingly.

Inasmuch as a considerable body of public opinion in America and England, largely drawn from religious and educational societies, is bound by all its traditions and tendencies to encourage and support China's claims to "sovereign" rights, and in so doing to ignore those salient features of the situation which account for Japan's action, it may be useful to recapitulate them briefly.

JAPAN AND MANCHURIA

In view of the widespread political propaganda, sedulously organized by the Nationalists and their supporters abroad, it is long odds against the truth about the Far East reaching any but a small section of the British public. Nevertheless, one must needs tell it, if only for the reason that matters are not likely to improve in this part of the world until people realize that China's helplessness and disorganization can never be remedied by means of international agreements, that her shadowy sovereign rights exist only on sufferance, and that, when the inevitable conflict arises between the forces on her frontiers, she will be, as before, a helpless spectator of the struggle.

As regards the special position which Japan claims, and is prepared to defend by force, if necessary, in Manchuria and Inner Mongolia, it must first be borne in mind that the Japanese are what Mill calls an " active, self-helping " people, as distinct from the passive, non-resisting Oriental type. Secondly, that their national policy must always be dominated by the fact that the country's food resources are insufficient for its population, and that this population is steadily growing. Finally, that Japan's policy of expansion since the nation came into contact with the Western world, has been unswervingly and intelligently pursued on the principle that " the virtue of the State is security," and that security can only be found by providing either an outlet, or new sources of food supply, for her surplus millions. The consistent purposes of this policy have been successively manifested since the first victorious war with China (1895), in the history of Korea, in the 1907 agreement with Russia (which foreshadowed the annexation of China's northern dependencies), and in the tentative " Twenty-one Demands " put forward at Peking in 1915. Debarred by the Asiatic Exclusion Acts from migration to America and Australia, the only means by which the needs of the Japanese people could be met, the only means whereby they could hope to retain the position achieved by thirty years of patriotic self-restraint and patient labour, was by expansion along the lines of least resistance —that is to say, into Korea, Manchuria and Eastern Mongolia. When, in pursuance of this policy, they came

into conflict with Russia after 1900, the rulers of Japan—who had been steadily preparing for the struggle since 1895—were well aware that upon its issue depended not only the nation's future position as a world Power, but its very existence. They fought to satisfy the imperative demands created by rapidly increasing economic pressure and at the same time the ambitions of a proud people, firmly convinced of its high destinies. They won, and the immediate reward of their victory was Korea with the reversion of Russia's position of economic and strategic advantage on the Asiatic mainland. Since then, the development in that region of new sources of food supplies, coal and raw materials, has proceeded apace and proved of great benefit, not only to Japan, but to the rapidly-increasing Chinese population.

In 1910, pursuing the policy laid down by Prince Ito, Japan concluded an agreement with Russia whereby the "special rights and interests" of both countries were proclaimed, and China's shadowy sovereignty correspondingly threatened, in spheres which included most of her loosely held northern dependencies. The *entente* thus created was Japan's *riposte* to the attempt of the United States, invoking the Treaty of Portsmouth, to secure the "open door" and equal opportunity in these regions, by "neutralizing" the Manchurian railways. It is interesting at this stage to observe that, had there been no European War, the programme of "peaceful penetration," of conquest by railway and bank, foreshadowed by the Russo-Japanese *entente*, must speedily have eliminated Chinese sovereign rights over a vast extent of territory. Great Britain would certainly not have intervened, for already in June 1910 His Majesty's Government had seen fit to recognize that "Russia and Japan had special interests in Manchuria and Mongolia." The Chinese revolution (October 1911) inevitably hastened the process of disintegration and geographical gravitation. Early in 1912, Russia was in a position to insist at Peking upon the "independence" of North Mongolia, while in the Japanese Diet, Count Komura declared that "East Asia was the only safe field for Japanese emigration." It is also interesting to reflect that, had Germany won the war, Japan, by the "Twenty-one Demands" of 1915,

had placed herself in a position to dominate Northern China, without serious fear of interference.

I have observed that the elimination of Russia as a force to be reckoned with in the Far East after 1917, the enormously increased wealth and power of the United States at the close of the Great War, and the abrogation of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, necessitated cautious modification of Japan's policy in China. Her rulers were bound to face the new facts of the Far Eastern problem, clearly reflected at the Washington Conference, not the least significant of which was the increasing tendency of public opinion in the United States to challenge Japan's position, her "special rights and interests" in Manchuria and Mongolia. The steady growth of this tendency may be ascribed to two causes. First, to sympathy for China's helplessness and belief in her political aspirations, produced by Young China's energetic propaganda and supported by religious and educational organizations. Secondly, to a rapidly increasing perception of the future importance to the United States of the Far Eastern markets, combined with the fear that Japanese domination over Eastern Asia, if not checked, might enable her to challenge American supremacy on the Pacific. Here lies the real crux of the Far Eastern problem, a problem which, stripped of diplomatic verbiage and manœuvres, points clearly to a fundamental difference of instincts and interests between two powerful nations. It is a difference not of political ideals or methods, but of vital realities, created by the economic laws which ruthlessly determine the destinies of nations. It is a difference which was forcibly impressed upon the consciousness of both nations by the building of the Panama Canal (1914), and even more emphatically at the Washington Conference.

The Japanese representatives at that Conference walked very delicately. They were tactfulness itself on the subject of international co-operation to preserve the integrity of China, and cheerfully subscribed to the pious principles of the open door. They carefully refrained from disturbing such sleeping dogs as the question of racial equality or the Monroe doctrine. They listened politely to Mr. Secretary Hughes expounding the doctrine of equal opportunity, and eventually went their ways,

committed to a period of watchful waiting. But, as Mr. Frank Simonds, with his usual courage and discernment, pointed out at the time, the American policy outlined by Mr. Hughes implied, not only a moral guardianship over China, but a course of action calculated to preclude Japanese expansion in the only direction left open to them—a policy which, sooner or later, must inevitably mean war. Writing on this subject soon after my return from Washington,* I also observed that "while both parties at the Conference showed an earnest desire to find and pursue the path of peace, both were obviously manœuvring for position, with an eye to the possibilities of conflict, and the ultimate cause of strife—namely, rivalry for the Far Eastern markets—remains not only untouched, but with every prospect of steady aggravation, as the result of the treaties and contingent resolutions proposed by Mr. Hughes and adopted by the Conference."

It is to be noted, that however tactful and guarded the utterances of Baron Shidehara and his colleagues at the Conference, when dealing with generalities such as the open door and equal opportunity, they were remarkably frank on the subject of Manchuria. On more than one occasion they reminded the Conference that it is to the Asiatic mainland that Japan must look for the raw materials and market which are absolutely vital to her economic existence. Neither at Washington, nor at the conferences subsequently held at Peking, was anything said or done by Japan's representatives to justify the idea that she would ever surrender her position in Manchuria or Mongolia to any argument but that of superior force, and that only after a life-and-death-struggle. No Japanese statesman, whether in office or opposition, would dare to propose or countenance the abandonment of the paramount position in Manchuria which the nation has won and built up at the cost of two wars and vast expenditure, and which, be it observed, has been recognized not only by China, but by the leading Powers, including the United States.

In protesting and appealing to America against Japan's attitude in the matter of railway construction in Manchuria, the Chinese Government is endeavouring, as

* *Edinburgh Review*, October 1922.

usual, by setting one foreigner against the other, to retrieve a position which through sheer lack of honesty or courage, or both, it has definitely surrendered. By a supplementary clause attached to the Treaty of Peking (December 1905) China agreed not to construct any railway lines in Manchuria which might compete to the detriment of the South Manchurian Railway. To enable her to evade the consequences of that undertaking, nothing would suit her better than to see the United States at war with Japan. After a period of watchful waiting, as in 1917, she would cast in her lot with America and thus be in a position to liquidate the large burden of loans borrowed from Japanese financiers, against various concessions, during the past ten years.

The statistics of China's foreign trade for the last ten years clearly reflect the fact that America's interest and influence in Far Eastern affairs, as displayed at and since the Washington Conference, are out of proportion to her present commercial or vested interests in that region; in other words, that in challenging Japan's position, she is looking to the potential future value of the Chinese market. In 1925, China took 20·2 per cent. of Japan's total exports, as against 2·4 per cent. of America's; American business investments in China are estimated at less than 20 millions sterling, whereas those of Japan amount to 176 millions, exclusive of 70 millions Government loans. Her investments in Manchuria are given as 124 millions, of which thirty-three are represented by the South Manchurian Railway. The trade returns of the United States reveal some equally significant tendencies, chief of which is the steady diversion of American exports from Europe to Asia and South America, and the rapidly-increasing reliance of American manufacturers upon Asia and Oceania for tropical raw materials. It is evident that anything that strengthens the hold of Japan upon the China market, anything that is calculated to afford her additional advantage in competing for the produce of the Southern Pacific regions, must increase the risks of conflict between her and the United States.

Mr. Secretary Kellogg's proposals for a world-wide pact to outlaw war fairly represents, no doubt, the pacific idealism of the great middle mass of the American

electorate, and their persistent belief in the efficacy of political formulas to prevent hostilities between nations, impelled by economic pressure to expand in the same direction. But the wise politician, even while he subscribes to the collective folly of the voting masses, knows in his heart that economic laws are impervious to sentiment and that empty stomachs have no ears for philosophy. He knows that all the formulas of Geneva, all the pacts of Locarno are, in the end, but pious aspirations —good intentions destined, sooner or later, to pave the hell of new conflicts. When all is said and done, national security will ever remain the first duty of every nation's rulers, and the security of one country must often mean grave peril to another. All contracts between great States, said Bismarck, " cease to be unconditionally binding as soon as they are tested by the struggle for existence "—in other words, by economic laws. Therefore the statesman, while proclaiming his trust in God, takes care to keep his powder dry and to supplement his belief in the brotherhood of man with the biggest possible navy. This practical unsentimental view of the Far Eastern problem, as it strikes the great majority of American business men, publicists and independent observers, is very clearly expressed in Mr. Nicholas Roosevelt's " Restless Pacific," recently published. Mr. Roosevelt, like Mr. Kellogg, wants peace—but he wants it not only with honour, but with righteousness; moreover, he makes it quite clear that only God's own country is qualified to decide what is, and what is not, righteous. " In pursuit of this ideal," he declares, " the American Government must ever be ready to use such force as may be necessary." He is under no delusions as to the imperative duty of the United States to achieve dominion over the Pacific. As regards Japan, he considers that " America's traditional friendship for China does not in itself imply antagonism towards Japan . . . so long as she does not attempt to upset the *status quo*." If the *status quo* includes support for China's claim to full sovereign rights over Manchuria, the Pacific is likely to become more restless than ever in the near future.

For, be it observed, in conclusion, that Japan's position in Manchuria is comparable, in most of its essential

features, with that of Great Britain in Egypt, or with that of the United States when applying the Monroe doctrine to prohibit the establishment of non-American interests in Mexico or South America. Japan's vested interests in and about the South Manchurian Railway are just as morally defensible as those of England in Gibraltar, or America in the Philippines. She first acquired her foothold in the Liaotung Peninsula, after her victorious war with China, in 1895. Compelled by Russia, France and Germany to evacuate it, she bided her time, and ten years later drove Russia from the peninsula and acquired the reversion of her rights in the South Manchurian Railway. That reversion and other rights were duly confirmed by the Chinese Government in 1905, and the "leased territory" agreement has since been extended to A.D.2002. During the last twenty years, Japan has spent a vast amount of money in developing the resources and safeguarding the peace of South Manchuria, to the great benefit of all concerned and especially the Chinese population. Her only interference with China's sovereign rights, in the regions adjacent to the leased territory and railway zones, has been to announce that Manchuria is not available as a stamping ground for the forces of any of the war-lords who have devastated the neighbouring provinces. In so doing, they have incidentally demonstrated the too frequently neglected truth that the Chinese people are ready to respect any authority, native or foreign, which maintains law and order and affords them security in their daily lives. The object lesson afforded by Manchuria's ever-increasing prosperity, when contrasted with the pitiful condition of the masses throughout China, constitutes in itself a sufficient justification for the Pax Japonica and a vindication of the wisdom of Dai Nippon's Elder Statesmen. For, in choosing the line of least resistance for the solution of their own problems, they have given peace and prosperity to twenty-five millions of Chinese and greatly stimulated the international commerce of the Orient.

Alsace: Problems of Restoration

By Senator Lazare Weiller

FROM the seventeenth century onwards a bond of friendship has united Britons and Alsatians. English, Scottish and Irish regiments took part in the campaigns which were to secure for France the final possession of Alsace. Amongst these was the Douglas regiment, raised in 1633 by Colonel John Hepburn (called in Alsace Hébron), numbering 2,000 men, "good soldiers, nearly all noblemen." Hepburn died in the service of France at the siege of Saverne in 1636; and Lord James Douglas near Douai in 1645.

This regiment took part in Turenne's memorable campaign which finally drove the Brandenburghers out of Alsace.

After the famous marshal's death at Saltzbach on July 27, 1675, the French army retired behind the walls of Sélestat, my small native town. The Douglas regiment followed it thither. It helped to rear the ramparts, the chief parapets of which were built by the king's order, in less than a year, by one of Vauban's pupils, named Tarade. For this purpose he employed 5,000 men.

If no nation is more closely united than France, there is also no other country where men are more closely attached to their native province. Every Provençal is proud of calling himself a fellow-countryman of the poet Mistral. Each Bearnese looks upon himself as a distant cousin of Henry IV. Each Alsatian fervently proclaims his fidelity to his native province: he clings to his traditions with a grim tenacity, but it would be a great mistake to suppose that these traditions make him less deeply attached to France.

For us Alsatians, for the men of my generation and for myself, Alsace has been not only the land of our forefathers and of sacred family traditions; it has been a

sweet and bitter memory, the symbol of love and sorrow, and of an unquenchable hope.

In our childhood our eyes saw, as Homer said, " the smoke of the roofs of our homes ascending to the sky." We have recovered the ashes of our forefathers and, at last, the bright memories of childhood are revived before our aged eyes.

It will never be forgotten that our resurrection was quite as much the fruit of the sacrifices made by England as of those made by France.

It is often asked from the point of view of foreign policy, or of the internal policy of France, if there is an Alsatian question. Does the development of the specific differences of Alsace within the unity of France or even that of Europe present a problem?

From the point of view of foreign policy there is no Alsatian question, and in making this positive statement I do not refer to the execution of the treaties. Certainly the Treaty of Versailles has blotted out the Treaty of Frankfort. But in a world disturbed by constant shocks there is no everlasting treaty. The clearest and most positive texts provide only provisional shelter for those who draw them up or appeal to them.

In a celebrated line of poetry, the only one, I believe, he ever composed, Talleyrand, who was being congratulated on a treaty then only initialed, said:

Pour parler d'un beau jour attendez jusqu'au soir.

Who can know precisely the time that separates the dawn of day from the night that is coming to an end?

At the end of the war of 1870, when Bismarck profited by the victory won over France to establish German unity and proclaimed the Empire, the question of the annexation of French territory by the Reich produced a distinct line of cleavage between the diplomats and the soldiers.

Moltke beat Bismarck. The genius of the famous statesman had foreseen the remote consequences of the wound which would remain open in the side of the great neighbouring nation. But the strategists were more powerful than the statesman, they were inexorable. It was a misfortune, not only for Alsace and France, but

also for Germany herself. The annexation of Alsace and Lorraine made a real reconciliation between the two countries impossible. How much bloodshed and destruction could have been avoided if, in 1871, reason had not been made to yield to the sword? May I venture to add, if England had then shown more foresight?

Of course, united Germany managed to justify before mankind the act of spoliation of which France had just been the victim. There have always been jurists in Germany, as the great Frederick declared, who excel in justifying acts by legal quibbles. From 1871 to 1918 these jurists represented the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine as the recovery of territory of which France had formerly robbed Germany. This fallacy has been put forward again since the Treaty of Versailles, with alarming animosity, by certain schools across the Rhine. So I may explain what this claim amounts to.

When, not by conquest, but by a voluntary gift, and in order to escape from the tyranny of the Swedish occupation, the Alsatian towns and rural districts offered themselves to France, Strasburg under Louis XIV, Mulhouse during the Revolution, there was no united Germany. The German States were, on the contrary, thoroughly disunited. And in these Rhenish German States bordering on our Alsace in the "Couloir des Evêques," which for centuries has played such an important part in history, there was such a mixture of Latin and Germanic elements that my eminent and lamented friend, Maurice Barrès, rightly considered what he called the "Genius of the Rhine" (le Génie du Rhin) as one of the beacons of Western civilization.

To my thinking, it is self-evident that neither Germany nor France can found their claim on their right, with regard to Alsace, on the consideration of race. It was only by giving themselves voluntarily to France that the various parts of Alsace became conscious of their regional unity. Thus modern Alsace, whose destiny, which was settled in the seventeenth century, has since progressed along a straight line in spite of all historical obstacles, is the creation of the common will of France and the Alsatians.

But the violent separation of 1871 and even the efforts

of the new rulers, which were sometimes ingenious, failed to change a state of affairs which was the outcome of circumstances and of the co-operation of the French genius for unification with the traditional devotion of the Alsatians to order and independence.

Moreover, an unimpeachable document has just been added to those which refute the claim put forward by the Germans that in 1870 they answered a call of the race. It is a letter which was recently published. It was written on October 26, 1870, by William, King of Prussia, to the Empress Eugénie. The future German Emperor declares therein that the motive of the annexation was purely military. Germany wished to take Alsace with a view to a future war. France has reconquered it with a view to a final peace.

If the restoration of Alsace to the homeland has satisfied the most eager desires and the requirements of justice, nevertheless it was bound to give rise to a certain number of difficulties. Nearly half a century had elapsed between the defeat of 1871 and the victory of 1918. The Alsatians, in order to remain what they are and to preserve themselves for France, had clung with great tenacity to their tradition, and particularly to their religious traditions. During the forty-seven years of exile the church, the chapel, and the synagogue were the most active centres of Alsatian life. But during the same period French policy had followed a different course. The principle of an undenominational State had prevailed. It has been, and still is, the cause of heated debates in Alsace.

There was, then, from the religious point of view, a contradiction between the customs and legislation of Alsace and those of France. This was a first difficulty, arising out of the very nature of things. There have been other difficulties. Shut up in their country and retiring within themselves, the Alsatians had during the period of their separation from the mother country given a great impetus to their provincial activities. Moreover, they had profited either by the progress made in German legislation, or by the freedom which, though conceded slowly and grudgingly in the political field, was amply granted in the social sphere. Thus they were enabled

to establish in their country and to adapt to their customs and tastes economic mutualist institutions the equivalent of which did not yet exist in France.

But they had good reason to fear lest the strong tendency to uniformity, which for more than a century had dominated French legislation and administration, should make it impossible for them to maintain their traditions and the institutions created by Germany. These traditions, even more than the institutions, were very dear to them.

France desired to reassure them at once. Solemn promises were made to Alsace at the beginning of the war. So far, these promises have been kept. The Alsatians expect them to be kept in the future also. Doubtless, there may have been, and inevitably will still be, minor blunders or slight friction in the application of the difficult measures which are to safeguard within the unity of the national life the differences in the religious and social institutions of Alsace. The recent Parliamentary elections seem to have confirmed some of these apprehensions.

But in order thoroughly to understand the feelings of the Alsatians, whom the French Press reproach, perhaps with too much violence, for their particularist spirit, a little more attention ought to be paid to what happened before the war, when Alsace was governed by Germany. Neither the somewhat clumsy enticements of German methods nor the heavy fist of the rulers of the Empire had been able to overcome Alsatian particularism.

After the wild enthusiasm of the restoration to the mother country, the two had to resume the ordinary business of everyday life.

How was it possible to avoid little bickerings due to differences of method, behaviour and language ? Parties were at once active in France which demanded the immediate assimilation of Alsace and Lorraine, the introduction of *méthodes laïques* and other political innovations, which caused a real panic among the Alsatian population, especially among the villages. Moreover, circumstances necessitated the presence of French officials in Alsace for the purpose of organizing the republican system of administration and facilitating

the linking up of the services. Chance—was it really chance?—ordained that the officials chosen should come from that part of France which was least able to understand Alsatian particularism and confounded Alsatian mentality with that of southern Frenchmen. These officials seemed amazed to find Alsatians who were both advanced in their ideas of social progress and intensely religious. It was then that the Alsatians began to fall back upon themselves.

Then Parisian "pilgrims" began to explore Alsace and to discover not only the noble qualities of its race, but also its shortcomings. They called the particularists by the name of "autonomists," and the latter finally adopted this name themselves. They laid stress, with an insistence which was unfortunately justified, on the intrusion of German elements which were, of course, only too happy to take advantage of the differences which seemed to have arisen.

This was the origin of the somewhat confused situation that has been revealed by the recent elections. But with a minimum of political understanding the French Government, seconded by the most competent representatives of Alsace and a Press which the recent election results have enabled to see more clearly, will know how to establish Alsatian affairs on a sound basis.

The Government should deal as they deserve with the queer individuals who have come from Moscow and Germany to repeat the mischief in Alsace they do elsewhere. But it should not confound Alsace with these individuals. Instead of trying to frighten the doubtful elements of the Alsatian population, the Government should try to win them over to its side; it is not impossible, it is not even difficult. They should not be perpetually reproached with uttering an insincere cry when they shout, "Vive la France!"

And, above all, let it not be forgotten that Alsatian particularism is perhaps one of the noblest forms of the political ideal. Is not the Scotsman who, for his part, is also a particularist, a Briton who is devoted to Great Britain? And does not the Englishman whom we see hastening busily through the City cling to his traditions which are so essentially English? Today the Americans

themselves, whose optimism and wealth have grown as a result of the war, are showing signs of uneasiness and defending themselves against foreign influences that antagonize their feelings, which have suddenly become those of uncompromising imperialists. As in our Alsace, where the priests take an active part in politics and village ministers and priests are all of the Church militant, the present public life of Americans, whose original States were founded by English Puritans, is powerfully swayed by their religion. My friend André Siegfried, in his remarkable work entitled " L'Amérique d'aujourd'hui," has laid stress on this situation in a striking manner. Whether we wish it or not, whether it is an error, a fault, or even a political crisis, the Alsatian ministers and priests are the masters of their Catholic and Protestant villages, just as the Puritans of English origin, the Protestants of Dutch origin and the Lutherans of German origin are at present the masters of American politics.

All this is one of the many aspects of that particularism which has never been better understood or managed than it was by the ministers of an absolute monarch like Louis XIV. However, the French Republic has always fulfilled its obligations to Alsace and Lorraine and, I am sure, will always do so. Whatever Government may be in office, both promises and treaties will be respected.

But everything has not been perfect in the way Alsatian affairs were managed during the early days of the new rule, which Alsace welcomed so warmly. Alsatian conditions and modern French conditions did not harmonize, and there were difficulties due to the special circumstances.

Alsatians may be divided into three classes : *those who are more than* 60 *years old, those who are more than* 30 *years old, and those who are less than* 30.

The eldest men have retained, if not through themselves, at least by the immediate traditions of their homes, the French stamp of the period preceding the annexation. Those who are less than 30 years old passed into the current of our national life under the sign of victory. But we must surely face this truth : those who are more than 30 years old, i.e. two or three generations

of men who are at present at the head of Alsatian families, communes and institutions, have been moulded by German culture. How could it be otherwise? The intellectuals who had been influenced by the spirit of the German universities could not tune their thoughts to the rhythm of French culture. The lower classes themselves spoke German and had German manners and traditions. The Germans had made Strasburg a centre of their intellectual activity, but this centre was animated by the Alsatians themselves. And it was only after the Armistice that the Germans who had lived in Alsace made a new intellectual effort, but this activity arose at Frankfort, not Strasburg. It was in this great German centre that they formed the association of Alsatians in the Reich which was immediately subsidized by the "Deutsche Notgemeinschaft."

Since the Armistice, Frankfort has become a real source of historical information, the chief aim of which is to prove and justify before the learned world the causes of the war. Here is a striking example of the sudden intellectual activity displayed by the Germans of Alsace since the time when they were no longer allowed to stay in that country. Before the war no important work on the cathedral of Strasburg had appeared in German. Since then four have appeared. The names of the authors are Dehio, Ficker, Hamann, Hascett. They all desired to prove that this cathedral bears the stamp of a building that separates two civilizations.

Since the restoration of Alsace to the mother country, for which many Alsatians fought, the inhabitants have been directed into channels of political and administrative life for which they were not prepared. This was bound to cause, and did cause, numerous difficulties, fortunately not serious, with which it was impossible to cope at once. They have arisen from day to day, and it is only from day to day that they can be solved. Doubtless the echo of these events would not have been passed beyond the walls of our towns and villages, had not interests opposed to all social peace in Europe, Asia, India, and wherever disorder can bear fruit, made use of them in order to transform a passing indisposition into a deadly disease.

What has been called the "malaise alsacien" is only a fugitive trouble, and could be nothing else; a kind of difficulty involved in the transition, which we had to expect, all the more as the enthusiasm of our reunion had reached such a high pitch.

The French Government had anticipated these difficulties, and in order to facilitate the transition it had created in Alsace and Lorraine a "Commissariat Général." It was the duty of the High Commissioner, assisted by provisional representative assemblies, to prepare the way for combining with the whole body of French institutions those features of Alsatian institutions that had to be and could be preserved. The work done by the Commissariat Général, which was presided over in succession by M. Alexandre Millerand, afterwards President of the Republic, and M. Alapetite, ambassador, has yielded fruitful results. It was, in my opinion, a great mistake to abolish the office before its task was completed. It is certain that, while the Commissariat Général existed, there was never any question of Heimatbund or autonomism. There are Heimatbunds in Alsace, at Eupen and Malmedy, in Schleswig-Holstein, in Czechoslovakia, and in the Tyrol. What statesman does not understand what may happen in a country that has been recently reconquered?

The claims of the Heimatbunds are linked up by the "Deutschtum," i.e. the defence of Germanism, among populations which the theorists of revenge, notwithstanding the treaties, declare to be German minorities temporarily separated from the Reich. If these disquieting theories of the Heimatbund were upheld by the German spirit of revenge, they would necessarily lead to war, for none of the nations aimed at would allow itself to be robbed gratuitously of any portion of territory essential to its sovereignty. The character of certain events observed in Alsace will appear at first sight as strange to Englishmen as it did to Frenchmen. However, it is common to all home defence associations. These often lean both on the most religious elements of Christian communities and on the Communist elements of the population. These elements manifest themselves, especially when elections are in progress. In this respect the Communists of Moscow show an extraordinary ability in

flattering the religious passions of the Alsatians. In associations of this kind, which seem to us to be against nature, the Catholics and Protestants who allow themselves to be led astray into the company of Communists are dupes. They will soon become aware of it, and they run the risk of preparing for themselves endless regrets.

Wherever there is a political or social disturbance in the world, or even the mere threat of a disturbance, wherever there appears a chink in public or private institutions, Bolshevism appears at once on the scene. Sometimes, unfortunately, it aggravates the trouble, it widens the chink, and even among the masses that are most devoted to order, it sometimes succeeds in sowing stealthily the seeds of the universal Revolution. In Alsace, as elsewhere, Bolshevism mingled its poison with feverish manifestations which, without this infection, would have been insignificant.

We owe it to King Louis XIII that Alsace passed into the current of our national life. His minister, Cardinal Richelieu, was one of the most powerful creators of French unity. When the next king had to organize his father's conquest, did he propose to bring Alsace within the rigid framework of the institutions and laws of his kingdom? No! Louis XIV knew that unity must be compatible with diversity, and his first utterance, the golden rule that he laid down for his ministers, was this: "Leave Alsatian affairs alone!" This rule did not remain an empty phrase. At the very moment when he allowed the detestable revocation of the Edict of Nantes to be wrung from him, Louis XIV guaranteed to the Alsatian Protestants complete and unrestricted liberty of worship. And it is on account of this royal protection that the equestrian statue of Louis stands before the entrance to the cathedral of Strasburg.

These circumstances explain the zeal with which Alsatian believers of every denomination unite in claiming from the Republic what Louis XIV conceded to their fathers: the maintenance of their religious rights.

This consciousness of independence, which has nothing in common with religious fanaticism, was the mainspring of their civic activity during half a century of exile. While the German soldiers occupied the squares and

streets of the conquered towns and cities, the Alsatians sought refuge in their churches, chapels, and synagogues. Thence issued the "protesters" to unite in courageous deeds and, if necessary, in making sacrifices. The Protestant Preis was imprisoned, together with the Catholic priest, Wetterlé.

One cannot imagine that such memories will be blotted out in a few years. Alsatian sentiment is preserved, so to speak, from decomposition by the salt of mother-wit. Their heroes are good-tempered heroes. Hansi, the brilliant artist and writer, is one of the characteristic figures of contemporary Alsace, which resembles the Alsace of all time.

While terror reigned during the war, the German military chiefs distributed iron crosses lavishly, as if to make fighting France believe that her Alsatian sons were the most determined of her enemies. But within an hour of news of the Armistice, the town halls, churches, private houses, from the humblest to the most beautiful, were decorated with French flags. The Alsatian women had torn up their bed-sheets and had dyed them secretly so that on the day of victory their French brothers, entering to the sound of the bugles, should find on the threshold of their dwellings the immortal symbol of their country.

At Strasburg, when the allied troops marched amid cheers past Kléber's statue, two men who, I do not know for what reason, were not supposed to be very fond of each other, Poincaré and Clemenceau, embraced most affectionately. Alsace was France's reconciliation with herself.

When the British troops passed beside ours, the same shout united in the same outburst of affection the two great nations which, after fighting each other for centuries, were joined together by the pride they felt in their common victory.

Thus did Alsace become, in addition to other and exalted privileges she enjoys, the symbol of the everlasting friendship that unites England and France.

The Spirit and Form of Fascism

By H. A. McClure Smith

THE significance of the vast changes which have revolutionized the social, political, and economic life of Italy during the last five years can only be appreciated when the spiritual impulse and intellectual basis of Fascism are understood. It is an unmitigated misfortune that circumstances have conspired to cloak Fascism with the mantle of an anti-Communist movement; a white dictatorship which arose as an answer to a red one. The superficial and specious grounds on which this assumption rests have been exploited, partly through ignorance, but chiefly through prejudice, with the result that the true nature of Fascism has never been widely understood. Consequently its actions have been misinterpreted, and its achievements alternately applauded and denounced for reasons which show a complete misunderstanding of the ideas which the achievements express. Any account of the New Order which Fascism is attempting to build must therefore be preceded by a statement of the nature of Fascism.

The fundamental fact about Fascism, which cannot be too often reiterated or too strongly emphasized, is that it represents a moral, political, and intellectual revolution every whit as apocalyptic, as cataclysmic, and as potentially universally valid as was the French Revolution. There is a world of significance behind the egotism which has prompted revolutionary Italy, like revolutionary France before her, to introduce a new calendar in which the year of the Revolution becomes the Year I.

The true relation of Fascism to Bolshevism is that of an alternative, not merely a reaction. For though violently opposed to each other, both, in their purest forms, are revolts from that Liberalism which appeals to "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," and which the French Revolution grafted on to European civilization; both reject the individualism which it represents and the

economic and parliamentary systems which it inspired. Fascism was born in 1919 when Benito Mussolini and 145 others bound themselves into a fascio (bundle) to revitalize their country by imbueing it with a new ideal of life and a new theory of the State, hostile to nineteenth-century Liberalism and present-day Communism alike. Communism did not seriously threaten Italy till two years later. When it did so, the impotence of the old regime and its complete failure to deal with the peril thrust on Fascism the duty of saving the social fabric from destruction. This Fascism accomplished by means of the march on Rome of 1922 when Mussolini, at the head of 250,000 Fascists, seized the reins of government. But though the culmination of Fascism as a revolutionary force was thus hastened, there can be little doubt that it would ultimately have arisen, if not in so sudden and triumphant a form, even if Communism had never gained a foothold in Italy.

Fascism, then, is a revolution, and not a counter-revolution. The violence of its clash with Communism is due to the fact that both are new theories of the State; equally uncompromising; equally rigid; equally disciplinarian, and each claiming universal validity. They see themselves as the rival spirits of a new age. The realization that Fascism is a revolution will explain, if it does not excuse, many of its excesses. Never has so great a change been carried out with less destruction and less bloodshed. When one considers that the total death-roll of the revolution is less than 4,000, and that over half of this number were Fascists; when one contrasts this figure with the millions that have perished in the French and Russian holocausts, one feels that Fascism, when arraigned for its excesses, would be justified in following the example of Clive and proclaiming itself amazed at its own moderation.

A revolution which marks off one age from another, though it represents some new and definite conception of social, political, and economic relationship, invariably draws its inspiration, not from one, but from many currents of thought of which some are of revolutionary novelty and others of classic antiquity. The new force which the French Revolution ushered into the world

had no individual origin, but was a compound of doctrines and ideas as diverse as those of Rousseau, Montesquieu, Voltaire, and the classic philosophers.

The same is true of Fascism. It represents the co-ordination of three different elements—Catholicism, Nationalism, and Syndicalism. Its intellectual foundations are to be found in the teachings of St. Thomas Aquinas the Catholic; of Nietzsche the Nationalist; of William James the Pragmatist; and of Sorel the Syndicalist. It has been the triumph of Fascism to reduce so strange a medley to order, but, incompatible as these diverse theories and systems may seem, they all, so far as their place in the structure of Fascism goes, are bound together and find common ground in the traditions of the Roman Empire. For if Fascism looks to the future for her goal, she appeals to the past for her inspiration.

Of these forces, Catholicism and Nationalism need not detain us long, for though their importance is great, since they represent the spiritual side and, therefore, the driving-force of Fascism, they defy close analysis because they represent a frame of mind rather than a practical policy. They impress on Fascism a spirit of revolt against the hedonist materialism into which modern democracy is apt to degenerate, and they endow it with its rigid sense of discipline. Above all, they bind it to the traditions of the Roman Empire. For Imperial Rome, the reconstitution of which is the Fascist dream, represents both a political and an ecclesiastical tradition. Was not the papacy long ago described by Hobbes—one of the most perspicacious of mankind—as "the ghost of the deceased Roman Empire, sitting crowned upon the grave thereof"? The Roman Catholic Church is therefore an essential part of the Fascist cosmos. The historic nature of the "Roman Question," and the manner in which the Church has contrived to entangle the issues with its dogmas, prevent this becoming apparent by keeping the Fascist Government and the Vatican apart. But as ultramontanism declines, as it is sure to do now that its last refuge—the Austrian Empire—is destroyed, this dispute, which agitates few beyond the confines of the Vatican, will probably be settled, and the alliance which already exists in spirit will become an alliance in fact.

By its Nationalism, Fascism rejects the whole conception of individual rights upon which the Liberal philosophy, ushered in by the French Revolution, is based. Its outlook is classical, though it owes its diffusion to a German philosopher. The nation becomes the unit, the vigour, and the greatness of the civilization it supports, the test. It is the revolt of quality against quantity. "It is better," Mussolini has said, "to suffer heroically than to live comfortably as a mug." Fascism has adopted the Nietzschean motto: "Live dangerously." By exalting the State, Fascism conceives citizenship as only embracing those "in a state of grace," a conception taken from the medieval Church. Such a conception leaves no room for the modern idea of democracy. When Mussolini claims that Fascism is democratic, it is only in the sense that it is "the judicial incarnation of the nation" which is to govern "for all, over the heads of all, and if necessary against all." The drastic terms of the recently passed law for the defence of the State have shown that this conception is not being left a mere theory.

Syndicalism, the third component part of Fascism, is of supreme importance, not only because it represents the material goal of the Fascist State, but because Mussolini himself has avowed that "it is to Georges Sorel that I owe the greatest debt." Syndicalism, as the Fascist understands it and as it was taught by Corridoni, Sorel's great Italian disciple, is an effort to give every individual a property interest and to subordinate all endeavour to the control of the State. As such, it is an essentially Latin tradition and has nothing in common with the international Socialism of Marx or its doctrine of class-war.

The dominant position which Syndicalist theory holds in the Fascist cosmos will become amply apparent when we consider the economic organization of the projected Corporative State—the name which Fascism has given to the society it is attempting to formulate. But before doing so, the relationship between Fascist dogma and Fascist endeavour must be made clear, since it is one of the most fruitful sources of misconception.

It is one of the principal characteristics of Fascism that its idealism is always linked with realism; it is too

strongly imbued with pragmatism to be doctrinaire in matters of practical policy. Fascism is not of the mentality that allows "one good custom to corrupt the world," and if it aspires to the clouds, it has its feet firmly planted in its mother soil.

It is necessary, then, to differentiate between the two aspects of Fascism, for it is at once a great revolutionary movement with fundamental and immutable principles, and a political party with a practical programme which depends on results for its vindication. It is only when this differentiation is fully realized that the apparent inconsistency of Fascism in its attitude towards criticism can be understood. In its latter form it welcomes it; in its former it repudiates it. For it is the essence of all new and virile creeds that they are uncompromising where their fundamental tenets are concerned, and Fascism, as a creed, is no exception.

"Fascism must not admit heterodoxy," Mussolini has proclaimed. "This is its peculiar character, this the fundamental reason of its life . . . Fascism won because it never tolerated any difference of opinion; its block is monolithic. Fascism wins and will win while it preserves this austere unitarian spirit, this religious obedience, this æsthetic discipline."

When Fascism seems ruthless to English eyes, it is well to remember that it represents a new code of basic beliefs which has yet to gain general recognition, and it is only when men are agreed on fundamentals that they can afford to allow conflict of opinion in matters of policy. You cannot, as Rousseau put it, live at peace with those you believe to be damned. But as the fundamental principles of Fascism gain general acceptance, as attention is diverted from upholding those principles to constructing a practical policy embodying them, the ranks of Fascism will tend to break into sections. A converse example is at work in England today, where the constitutional parties, which fought over practical policy as long as the basic principles on which the State rested received general recognition, are closing their ranks now that those principles are being challenged. If dissension in the ranks of the Fascists is increasing, it is a sign, not of weakness, but of latent strength.

The practical side of Fascism, which it is seeking to

embody in the so-called "Corporative State," has been clearly exposed by Mussolini thus :

> Fascism leads mankind out of blind alleys. It reconciles Capital and Labour in a new synthesis. Capital and Labour had grown too strong for the State. Parliamentary Government proved itself a helpless nurse, unable to control those young giants till Fascism stepped in.

But we have already observed how Fascism, though it is true to type in its rigidity and intolerance where doctrine is concerned, is unique among revolutionary movements in that it is not intoxicated with the notion that it is divinely inspired to construct, with all possible speed, a patent heaven for an expectant world. It has, therefore, made no attempt to regenerate the political and economic organization of Italy at a blow, but by concentrating on the improvement of the moral and material conditions of the country, and on the inculcation of its ideals, it has tried gradually to prepare the way for the great experiment by ensuring that it will have a sympathetic reception.

For these reasons Fascism spent its first few years in carrying out practical reforms in every sphere of administration and public activity, and pursuing a policy of intensive internal development. It was not till 1926 that the foundations of its real objective—the Corporative State—were laid, and, as yet, there is no certainty as to the final form that it will take. Fascism is not wedded to an *idée fixe*, nor is it likely to sacrifice the substance for the shadow.

The scope of this essay forbids any account of the subtle combination of practical achievement and doctrinal propaganda by which Fascism has purified and regenerated Italy as a necessary preliminary to the introduction of its more theoretical ideals, but one of those achievements, the winning of organized Labour, is so important that it must at least be mentioned. Organized Labour was originally hostile to Fascism because, coming as a great disciplinary and purgative force at a time when Communism was dominating the Socialist horizon, it identified Fascism, as foreign opinion still tends to do, with Capitalism.

This illusion has been gradually dispelled, partly by

the impartiality which the Fascist regime has observed in adjudicating between Capital and Labour, and partly by the Fascist plans for a Syndicalist State which is to embody many of the more reasonable projects of Socialism. The institution of a minimum wage throughout the country; the establishment of the Dopolavoro—the greatest national welfare institution in the world; the support which was given to the great strike in the metallurgical industry in 1924, and, lastly, the strong steps taken to prevent profiteering whether in production, distribution, or rents, have all gone to prove how much closer to the essentials of Socialism is Fascism than was the old Liberal system of government with its doctrine of non-interference in economic matters. Indeed, Mr. Bernard Shaw has described Mussolini as a "Socialist who understands the art of ruling." Gradually Labour began to see Fascism in a truer light and to respond to the nationalist appeal of Fascism and to the realization of the material prosperity it brought in its train till, early last year, the leaders of the old suppressed trade unions of the Italian Federation of Labour declared themselves in favour of the new Corporative State.

The experiment that Fascism is attempting is as revolutionary in its conception, as gigantic in its proportions, and as daring in its assumptions as any that has previously been made in the history of civilization. The Corporative State is intended to unite every form of human activity and weld them into a vast and massive hierarchical system controlled by judicial process under the supreme authority of the State. In its economic aspect its foundations were laid by the Law of April 3, 1926, and sealed by the creation in the following July of the Ministry of Corporations.

The base of the pyramid consists of numerous provincial syndicates and trade unions into which the entire population are grouped according to whether they be employers, employees, handicraftsmen, or members of the Liberal professions. These associations are gathered into federations representing the whole industry, which in turn unite in two great National Confederations (representing all employers and all employees respectively) and

two smaller, but similar, bodies representing all handicraftsmen and the combined professional classes. At the apex of this great hierarchy, controlling and unifying it, stands the Ministry of Corporations, presided over by Mussolini himself, assisted by a National Council of Corporations.

Such, in brief outline, is the gigantic edifice which is being constructed to bring all classes and conditions under the supreme control of the State; unity of direction and aim could scarcely be carried further. The stringent nature of this control is revealed to be the comprehensiveness of its prerogatives, which include the appointment of the various associations' presidents, as well as the power to reject any individual member of an association if he be not "of good political conduct from a national point of view."

Membership of the various associations is not in theory compulsory, but in practice it becomes so, since they alone can negotiate working agreements and apply for rulings from the labour courts. When it is added that both the agreements and the rulings are binding on all members of the industry, whether they are within the recognized associations or not, and that arbitration is in all cases compulsory, it will be seen that the theoretical freedom of action is clearly illusionary. That it is so is not surprising, for freedom, as commonly conceived, is, in accordance with its conception of Nationalism, rejected by Fascism as being, to use the words of Mussolini, "the fetish of a bygone century." Moreover, the whole hierarchy of associations and confederations is much more than a mere system of industrial organization. Not only is it destined to embrace the political as well as the economic life of the State, but it is an attempt to carry the methods of law into the conduct of the latter. To this end the labour courts have been set up as part of the regular judicial system, and both strikes and lock-outs have been declared illegal, and are punishable by long periods of imprisonment and heavy fines. For in the eyes of Fascism economic war is as unwarrantable and indefensible a violation of the sovereignty of the State as is private war and trial by battle.

The economic organization of the Corporative State

does not end with the vertically built up hierarchy which we have been considering. Outside of this are the great national guilds which are built up horizontally by combining all the various associations, whether of employers, employees, or professional men, which are concerned with any given industry; they thus serve as a bond of union between the various classes which are separated for the purposes of the associations. These guilds supervise the general condition of the industry, its organization, its technical advancement, and its internal peace. They act as arbitrators before the machinery of the labour courts is brought into action.

Lastly, but playing a most important part in so highly centralized an organism, there is the Dopolavoro. This is a national welfare institution run on Syndicalist lines and embracing activities as divergent as instructional classes, free amusements, and all-in insurance. All associations, whether employers or employees, must contribute to its funds, and it is united with the whole economic system by its subjection to the Ministry of Corporations.

The above description of the economic organization of the Corporative State as set up by the Law of April 3, 1926 amply illustrates the close connection between Fascism and Syndicalism. Though much of the machinery, such as the new labour courts, has not yet been put to test, and though the work of organizing and classifying the new associations (questions full of difficulty) is not yet completed, the general outline is clear. The Corporative State is to be essentially Syndicalist in its nature with the weaknesses of Syndicalism avoided by the dominance of an independent and all-powerful executive. This is the explanation of the apparently paradoxical action of Fascism in concentrating on the organization of the new economic order before the political fabric of the State has been formulated, even on paper. For the essence of Syndicalism is the subordination of political to economic organization. As the name of the Corporative State implies, its pivot is to be the economic corporations, and not any politically elected body. This was what Mussolini meant when, in his New Year message, he spoke of "the gigantic experiment of a great

national society organized on a basis different from that of all other countries."

The present parliamentary system, which till now has been allowed to continue on sufferance, though in so emaciated a form as to be little more than a parody, is to be swept away and its place taken by an assembly largely drawn from the corporations. Of its scope and functions nothing can be foretold, but two things at least are certain : that popular election will play no more part in the formation of the new Corporative Parliament (if, indeed, the assembly will bear that unhonoured name) than it does in that of the corporations' executives, and, that like other portions of the edifice, it will be completely subject to the Central Government. The replacement of the elected local government officials by a Potesta or Prefect, nominated by and responsible to the Central Government, may be taken as representative of the tendencies at work.

It would be foolish to attempt to prophesy the ultimate fate of so revolutionary a conception as the Corporative State. The road of those who seek to build up a new type of society and a new outlook on life has always been a perilous one, and the economic interdependence of the modern world has greatly increased the difficulties. The new Italy is, however, fortunate in that it is not irretrievably bound to a doctrinaire theory which it must succeed in putting into practice or perish. The Fascist Party is, indeed, in a position of unprecedented power with complete control over all phases of the national life—whether economic, political, or social. But though Fascism exercises so rigid a discipline that only those who have been members of the party for three years are eligible for official positions; though it knows nothing of the decadent social philosophy which believes that "tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner," it is undertaking its immense task with that peculiar sanity for which Cromwell appealed when he implored his Puritan Parliament to believe it possible that it might be mistaken. Fascism, unlike Bolshevism, can be relied upon to modify its programme if it should find itself confronted with insuperable difficulties; it is not of the type that commits suicide by knocking its head against an impenetrable wall.

Trustification: A Criticism

Coal and Steel

By E. T. Good

THE advocates of industrial combination or trustification are apt to overstate their case and to ignore some of the lessons of commercial history. Trustification is like medicine, often beneficial only in small doses. It is remarkable that in a country where there is strong opposition to anything in the nature of food trusts, and to rings and combines in general, and whilst so much disappointment is expressed at the results of the grouping of the railways, there should be an almost fierce agitation for the complete trustification of coal and steel. What, indeed, has trustification, or the milder form of combination known as syndication, accomplished abroad that it should be so strongly advocated here?

The classic example is the United States Steel Corporation, or Steel Trust, as it is called. That amalgamation embraces every phase of production in the iron industry, from mining the ore and coal to turning the finished steel goods out of the engineering shops. The Trust owns mines, cokeries, blast-furnaces, steel mills, tinplate works, railways, and ships. It has its export organization at home and its selling agencies abroad. It is the last word in unification. But what has it done to cheapen production, to accelerate industrial development, or to expand export trade? The answer in three words is: *less than nothing*. Before the advent of the Trust, costs were going down in the American steel industry. Under the Trust they have gone up. The increase in the tonnage of iron and steel in the United States was as great in the three decades before the Trust was formed as in the following decades. Before the Steel Trust was formed, the United States was the world's second country in iron and steel exports, and promised to take the first place. Today the United States is the fifth country in exports, being beaten even by little Belgium, as well as by Britain, Germany, and France.

At the end of the nineteenth century the Americans justly boasted the lowest iron and steel costs in the world. We heard much of the almost fabulous resources of the United States in ore and coal; of their mammoth and economical furnaces and mills; of their expert management, their industrious workmen, and their pushful

business men. Then, in the spring of 1901, the Billion Dollar Steel Trust was formed. The avowed objects were to cheapen production, accelerate expansion of output, and to make America supreme in export trade. The Trust took over the best mines, furnaces, and steel mills in the world. It organized, unified, co-ordinated, amalgamated, and trustified. We were told that under the Trust the American steel trade would "lick creation"; that it would produce at unprecedented low costs; that it would "flood the world's markets with steel at prices the British could not touch"; one noted Englishman even wrote a book to tell us that our only hope of salvation—our only possible escape from industrial and commercial disaster—was to become an American colony!

Well, we have seen what we have seen! The formation of the Steel Trust was the signal for everybody who served the American steel industry to make excessive demands. Wage claims, salary claims, fee claims fell thick and fast on the Trust. Every item in the cost of production went up. Landowners, previously satisfied with a few cents a ton royalty on coal and ore, jumped their terms. The Steel Trust was actually obliged to take leases of ore lands based on a royalty of a dollar a ton. Some of the State authorities levied special taxes on the Trust properties. Costs of production and transport and selling became such that the United States quickly fell from a promising second place to a doubtful third place in exports. The process has gone on until now the United States is in the fifth position, and has no important foreign market for her heavy products except neighbouring Canada. U.S. iron and steel exports overseas are insignificant, relatively to the resources and productive capacity of the country. In spite of a high tariff, British and other foreign steels are being sold in the United States at lower prices than the U.S. manufacturers can sell steel at or near Atlantic coast ports. The theory of the trustification advocates is destroyed by the history of the American Steel Corporation.

Now turn to Continental Europe. The German steel industry has been the most highly syndicated big industry in the world since 1897. It has made great progress, admittedly; but its expansion in production has been due to the protection of its home market, the diligence of its scientists, and the discipline of its workers. It has enjoyed tariffs against outside competition, and it has

had cheap labour, low taxes and local rates. Its expansion in exports has been due to bounties and subsidies, plus an open market in Great Britain. In no month or year, save when we have been suffering from a labour dispute, have German steel manufacturers exported so much as British manufacturers in fair and square competition. Only by means of export bounties, rebates, and subsidies—only by sales below actual productive costs—have the Germans ever showed a bigger export tonnage than the British. If the unorganized British steel makers could have had the tariff protection, the cheap and disciplined labour, the easy taxes and rates enjoyed by their German competitors, they could have beaten and defied German and all other foreign competition—without syndicating or trustifying themselves. Ton for ton and quality for quality, the British steel industry always quotes a more competitive f.o.b. price than the German industry, apart from strikes on this side and export bounties on the German side.

Consider now international combination. For nearly two years there has been a steel cartel composed of German, French, and Belgian steel makers. This Cartel began its career in exceptionally favourable circumstances, for the British steel industry was crippled by the coal strike, and the American export industry was suffering from the conditions mentioned above. Indeed, trustified America hardly counts in the international competition in heavy iron and steel, save in Canada. The world's export trade was almost at the mercy of the Continental Steel Cartel when, after years of negotiation, it was formed in the autumn of 1926. But although competition was circumscribed by the British coal strike, the Cartel has had a chequered career and has accomplished little of what it set out to achieve. The day the Cartel agreement was signed there were vigorous protests from consumers. The steel-finishing and engineering firms in Germany, Belgium, and France raised such protests that there were strong hints of Government control. Individual constituents of the Cartel immediately advanced their prices by some 10s. a ton, but quickly had to withdraw the advances. Italian buyers who were dealing with German, Belgian, and French producers promptly sent inquiries for prices and delivery conditions to England, although there was a big mining strike in this country.

The Cartel has failed to make prices more profitable for its members, and it has failed to regulate production to the propinquity of demands. Month by month the Germans have exceeded their allotment quota. The excess output penalty, fixed at 4 dollars a ton, has had to be reduced, first to 2 dollars, and then to 1 dollar, and still there is dissatisfaction. The French and Belgians have failed to come up to their quota, and only by large concessions have they been able to keep the Germans—the prime movers in the organization—from breaking away from the agreement. The Cartel has done nothing to reduce productive costs or expand output; it has not increased profits; it has not moderated outside competition, but the reverse; it has not reconciled conflicting interests; it has not yet succeeded in forming co-operative selling agencies; and the British steel makers, after their serious set back from the strike, are strengthening their position against the Cartel, increasing their exports and reducing their imports.

There remains the case of coal. The German coal trade has been closely syndicated for many years. It has always paid wages much lower than British wages. But in no year has it exported so much coal as we have, except when we have been paralysed by a labour stoppage. The "unorganized" British mining industry pays higher wages and local rates, and usually exports twice as much coal as the closely organized German mining industry. But that is not all. As testified from time to time in our Consular reports and in other evidence, coal consumers in Germany were dissatisfied with the operations of the Coal Syndicate before the war. Since the war the dissatisfaction has been such that the Government has been obliged to set up a Statutory Coal Council to curb the Coal Syndicate. The records of the British coal and steel trades are such, in spite of handicaps not suffered by their foreign competitors, that it is doubtful if American trusts or Continental syndicates have much to teach them. In wages, rates, and taxes paid, in quality of product and volume of exports (even under extremely unfair competitive conditions), British industries have records and achievements to be justly proud of, and there is no evidence that complete trustification would strengthen their position.

Migration on a County Community Basis

By Ernest Betham

THE Secretary of State for the Dominions, during the debate on the second reading of the Empire Settlement Bill, warned his hearers, as though speaking of an inevitable law, that all migration schemes would have to be administered by the Dominions.

Why?

Has Great Britain ever put a scheme before any Dominion and asked agreement, as a matter of mutual interest, that she should administer it?

Why is it not possible for Great Britain to undertake a responsibility which could be taken on by any private person with the will and means for its fulfilment? An individual could buy an extensive block of land in a Dominion, and develop and administer it as he chose, so far as the organization of suitable industries went, and the housing of workers on a social plan. Administration of a scheme by Great Britain would mean that, not more. It would be a domestic and financial administration, unostentatiously effected through suitable agencies, and it would need to exist for a period only—that vital one which covers the transference of the migrant generation from the old home to the new. It would attract men to the other side by its certainty of welcome and familiar associations. As things now are, they may go up to the bridge-head on their side but, looking across, they turn back. There is a grim passage in a Ministry of Labour report to the effect that in the area covered by one divisional office alone 37,973 persons were given personal interviews during one quarter of the year on the subject of oversea settlement, but these interviews resulted in the submission of only 322 applications. The 37,651 were not rejected by Dominion scrutineers; they turned back of their own accord and rejected the Dominions. It is in view of hard facts like this that British administration for the migrant period is urged as a requirement of natural law. To the child of the migrant the Dominion will be his native land, but it is otherwise to the parent. Which is not to say that the latter would inevitably prefer his homeland to an adopted one, once he were there. But the difficulty is

to get him there when the adventure promises strangeness and isolation.

To prevent the supposition that our people are singular in the disinclination to endure the conditions of back-land farming it can be shown that in avoiding it they manifest a feeling common to English-speaking civilization in general. Australian year-books lament the "abnormal concentration of population in the capitals of the States of Australia." At the last census, though employment was available on farms and no out-of-work donation is given in the Commonwealth, 9 per cent. of its total wage-earners preferred to remain unemployed in the towns and cities rather than work on the land; 61 per cent. of the Commonwealth's population is urban, and the percentage is increasing. Similar tendencies are to be found in other parts of the Empire. In the United States there is a steadily swelling exodus from the land, leaving farms derelict or undermanned. So marked has the movement become that the highest authorities of the Department of Agriculture at Washington have stated that they see the "approach of a condition like that which has kept Europe in agony for a century—the pressure of population on food supplies," and that, allowing for all the machinery and improved methods available, or likely to become available, less than twenty years will see the United States, for the first time in history, absolutely dependent on the outside world for food.

If, therefore, back-land farming cannot retain a population born to it, how can it, with any sanity, be expected to satisfy the gregarious instincts and habits of people like our own, bred up in close quarters in a small island having towns, cities, railways and roads everywhere? Yet, up to the present, we have allowed that expectation to hold the field. It is true that some migrants of exceptional temperament and physique go to the solitary remotenesses and feel at home there, though flies and the carcasses of waste-sheep in the foreground may be a familiar enough feature to occasion comment even from friendly travellers. They are excellent men in the pioneer way, but not necessarily of exceptional ability or use, and in any case an unrepresentative bachelor minority. For British people migration is fundamentally a woman's and a community

question, and the test of the ultimate success of any method must be whether it will afford conditions of social normality and contact with the skilled resources of civilization.

Great Britain has some six millions of surplus people, all urban or mining. Stark as that fact is, she has, nationally, taken up no position of her own in regard to migration, nor put out any effort in a strong and direct manner to create congenial employment oversea for her crowded margin of population. She has not, however, lacked gigantic powers of innovating action, for in another direction she has been busy in an achievement which for thoroughness of organization and the amount of money involved, has been unparalleled in history, since during the last ten years she has distributed £316,940,000 in out-of-work donations and unemployment benefit. All the while, in a state which can only be described as one of cataleptic obsession, she has gone on taxing her citizens in order to make contributions to the Dominions to assist them in absorbing the one class of man of which she has not enough—the agricultural worker. There is no criticism of the Dominions in that statement. It cannot be held to be their duty to understand intimately the domestic necessities of Great Britain.

The vital question is: Can a new way be found for migration which is shaped specifically for British needs but also meets those of the Dominions? The answer can be emphatically in the affirmative, if British administration be granted, for that would make easy the rooting of migration schemes in local publicity and patriotism on this side the water, the fruit of which would fall into the lap of the Dominions. The assertion may be ventured, that until such a condition prevails there can be no migration numerically satisfactory to either party.

As a nation having, through the Empire, access to almost limitless regions of fertility, we possess an unsurpassed opportunity for an advancement of the methods of civilization, by lifting migration from a process of shifting population by unco-ordinated units, layers and groups into back-land farming or domestic service oversea, to community movement on a scale large enough to provide a strong home market and an attractive centrality for social life. To promote and establish such communities would be great work for its own sake, but

to Great Britain it is work necessary for self-preservation and as part of her evolution. The centuries have shaped her for it by the building up of the county system as her civic framework. Not to take advantage for migration of that historic and fully functioning regionalism would be State stupidity. The average county, before the industrial dislocation intervened, was a model in its balanced grouping of a large, but not too large, body of population with the land as foundation of revenue and employment, and complementary trades and businesses joining in. It was practically self-supporting, self-contained, variously active socially, and hearty with a stimulating localism which led up to the wider bond of nationality. The counties have now become disproportionate in population, and disrupted in interests, but the county spirit is still dominant and capable of being aroused to great enterprise. Migration associated with that spirit would have the breath of life in it. The Empire Settlement Bill promises opportunity.

Recently in South Australia a block of pastoral land nearly twice as large as an average county, changed hands by private purchase for £99,000. To realize what would be possible on county community lines, let a scheme be sketched in with a block of land such as the foregoing for its area, and, for simplicity of illustration, a private person of unusual wealth as its promoter; he can be taken as personifying a mandatory body duly appointed under statutory powers to establish a county community, and to raise loans from the State to be secured on the land and increment values of the new county oversea. Let it be supposed that by birth or other intimate association he is identified with an average county, say Nottinghamshire. He has hanging over his desk a "New Map of the County of Nottinghamshire," published in 1804. He informs himself of the population figure for that year, makes comparison with the existing conditions of the county, and determines to develop his block in a manner which will allow of the accommodation of a number of Nottinghamshire men and women tallying with the population of 1804, and with a similar balance as between the rural and urban parts, or as near thereto as may prove advisable. His object is not the direct relief of unemployment, but the transference of population from where there is excess to where there is shortage.

He knows that, even if his scheme should draw in only employed persons, it would, by so doing, react on unemployment by throwing the vacated jobs open.

The promoter is prepared to lose nothing, but he is ready to take the long view, to sink his capital for a considerable period, to be content with its eventual return to his heirs and assigns, and with a low rate of interest. He would treat the project strictly as estate development on a large scale, with a co-partnership principle at work which would identify the individual interests of the settlers with the general prosperity of the scheme. Should any income-tax payer, unaware of present national commitments for migration, demur to the proposed use of national capital in a way parallel to the foregoing, he would, upon inquiry, discover that the thing is being done and with prospective results of a much more indefinite nature than could ensue under British administration. One instance is the " agreement between the Colonial Secretary and the Government of the Australian Commonwealth, whereby £34,000,000 is to be placed at the disposal of the State Governments of Australia for purposes of settlement and development." This was three years ago.

The first step would be to present the scheme to the Dominion authorities. Their agreement and co-operation may be assumed. There is no precedent known to the writer of Dominion authorities ever having been other than sympathetic to responsibly proposed schemes which promised them industrious British migrants on a sound economic basis. Agreement to the scheme under consideration would naturally be subject to some such provisos as the following :

1. The promoter must give satisfactory guarantees that no charge, direct or indirect, should come on the Dominion exchequer.

2. Any person found inefficient after taking up settlement should be returned to Great Britain.

3. With the passing of the migrant generation (a definite period being calculated for this) and the repayment or arrangement for repayment of the original capital, the administrative link with British Nottingham should cease.

4. The sense of Australian citizenship should from the first be steadily fostered as paramount over any other association, and all the customary civil, judicial, and other national processes should operate in the region as in any other new integrant part of the Commonwealth.

It may further be assumed that the Dominion authorities, believing in the scheme and its *bona fides*, would

grant under an adaptation of the nomination method the necessary freedom for migration from Nottinghamshire, and would arrange a procedure in regard to public appointments, educational and other, by which any possible friction would be avoided. The ultimate object of such procedure would be fusion. Every practicable step would be taken to remove any hindrance which would prevent the new settlement from merging as rapidly as possible into the general tenor of Dominion life.

The promoter's next procedure would be to :

1. Instruct an Australian surveyor to make a general report on the block.

2. Instruct forestry, agricultural, mining, chemistry, botanic, and other specialists to report on the resources of the block.

3. Employ water, transport (including aircraft), and electricity engineers and experts similarly.

4. Instruct a geographer to make a detailed plan of the block as fully as time-limits permitted, also a map in relief.

5. Determine from the foregoing reports and in consultation with persons of experience, the districts best suited to the various cultivations and industries which its resources favoured, and effect the provisional planning for water, electricity, transport, and aircraft facilities, and for the positions of the chief and subsidiary prospective centres. The geographer would subsequently prepare a further map showing the whole planning of the block.

6. Secure the whole-time services of an accountant and staff to take financial charge of the enterprise from the beginning, and to furnish such estimates of expenditure as would from time to time be required.

Having thus worked out a general construction for the scheme, the promoter would visit the block with a small group of representative Nottinghamshire people and explain the project on the spot. Their agreement, subject to possible amendment of the scheme in detail, may be assumed.

On return to England the scheme would be communicated to the departments and committees concerned with migration. Their agreement, subject to possible amendment of the scheme in detail, may be assumed.

The critical juncture would now be reached of the presentation of the enterprise to the general public of the county, by means of meetings at town halls and other places, through the Press, and by exhibiting copies of the map of the new county on hoardings, with succinct

particulars of its proposed development. Hitherto, to the man in the street, migration would have been a subject mostly known by tobacco wrappings depicting a bearded gentleman in shirt-sleeves sitting on a log somewhere "up yonder" and smoking complacently. The splendid posters to foster Empire trade which decorated the streets would have been seen; but trade is one thing, migration another. The education under which he had grown up and under which his children were growing up, furnished much information on many subjects, but not specific description of the Dominions, one by one, with emphasis on their meaning as places for present and future civic development by British people, even possibly to be participated in by himself and his family.

It is credible that the reception of the scheme would be enthusiastic, and that the public imagination would be awakened as it was in the years which followed the discovery of gold—when people took the question of migration into their own hands and left these shores at the rate of a thousand daily. But the "land mine" would occasion no chaotic rush to an unprepared wilderness; instead, it would be an orderly, gradual, and complementary inhabitation, each contingent taking up allotted places with the exactness of an order of battle. Though for the first period the sun would shine on only a few central buildings and the earliest groups of houses, the settlers would know that steadily the whole region would take form in accordance with the familiar plan.

It is credible also that applications would come from all classes. Men having independent means or pensions, with sons and daughters; young professional men and women, and determined persons from unclassified occupations would seek inclusion, as well as average workers, employed and unemployed. The number of middle-class men and women, without middle-class views, who are *mis*employed—and know it—who fritter away valuable energies in overlapping and pettifogging employment is considerable, and there should be no lack of choice in manning the executive staff satisfactorily from such source. Acceptance for settlement would rest on a standard of character and intelligence rather than on physical superiority. Racial stamina is recoverable in those of an originally hardy stock which has become depressed during intervening generations by abnormal

environment. Migrants' children would inevitably possess a better physical development than their parents so far as bone and muscle required it. Nothing in this sketch is intended to suggest that settlers should not have sound organs as well as sound heads and the right spirit. Excellence in the latter is, however, the more important.

Training centres at both sides would enable prospective settlers to graduate into new occupations. Much could be said in regard to their organization and other aspects of the subject did space permit. But enough has been indicated to convey the central idea of county community settlement.

There are numerous settlement societies and committees at work to secure recruits for the land and domestic service, on lines laid down by the Dominions, which have no relation to Great Britain's general population and its historic grouping, nor to her special difficulties. Some of these bodies have been criticized of late, but the real target should be the limitations under which they are forced to work. Mr. Somerville's Bill would cut away those limitations; the time is ripe for it. The Empire Settlement Act of 1922, as the *beginning* of State action in migration, would ever hold a place of honour in political retrospect; but if, after deliberate Parliamentary consideration, it should be established as the end of it, then that diffident measure would become a monument of grotesque and tragic incompetence. That the Bill originates with a private member is entirely in accord with the tradition of an Empire whose territories were mainly discovered and acquired by individual initiative. It has disclosed itself to be of national and non-party character; its second reading was without a division, and support came from the Opposition benches, among approvers being the chairman of the Oversea Settlement Committee of the Labour Government in 1924.

During recent years an increasing force of opinion from various quarters has made itself audible as to the ineffectiveness of existing migrational machinery. The Empire Settlement Bill has suddenly placed the responsibility for the future on the House of Commons and the Government. It must be held as incredible that the latter, either by veto or inaction, will be found to occupy the fateful position of opponents to wider and better powers for oversea settlement.

Romance and the Young Pretender

By the Old Stager

i. Thro' the Mist

As for many another man, who has found new interests and has his work to do, the memory of the Great War has faded for me, burnt to a pin-point of light as a gas flare turned down. But that pin-point is never entirely extinguished. For some reason, which I cannot account for, the misty days of autumn punctually revive for me, year by year, scenes of war, once vivid and pulsing with interest.

Mists and fog abound in Flanders and the Somme, and the first experience of that seasonal visitation at home not improbably accounts for the re-awakening of memory. Certain it is that at this season, and only then, sharp and clear the little pictures of war return and trouble me. An angle of a trench, the square of some little town whose name is gone beyond recall, a patch of garden seen through a broken wall, a dump of rusty iron in the shadow of a slag-heap, men in damp greatcoats, carelessly trailing rifles and stumbling along a stretch of broken road. The mists that brood between a man and his past thin, and in the patches these little scenes appear for an instant and are gone again. But a dead heart is stabbed to broad wakefulness before the mists close in again.

And these pitiful little scenes are for us the romance, the colour, of our lives! I am not "writing about the war"; I have, I trust, done with that. The war films, carefully made and admirably true as many of them are, awake my pity but leave my memory sleeping. They do not bring back the past. I watch them, as I watch any tragic drama, pitifully but impersonally.

Yet these films depict that which, if science has not altered human nature, will be, in a hundred years, romance as wild and thrilling and touching as the defence of Hougoumont or that pitiful forty minutes' struggle on the moor at Culloden.

The subject which immediately interests me is the anatomy of romance. Is it invisible to those who play a part in the making of it? Must a hundred years go

to the making of it, as to an Oxford lawn? I think we may take it that it is ordained, in pity for humanity, that only certain events, which are old enough to be impersonal, can provoke the sensations which romance induces.

If to those sensations we must add the poignancy of personal recollection, we should be taxed beyond endurance.

Year after year, Flora Macdonald must have passed in her walks abroad the spot where she landed and hid Prince Charlie. We know from Boswell and others that, though conscious that this adventure was the one romance of her life, she spoke of it calmly and in commonplace. Yet the events of the '45 campaign are probably the most romantic in the whole of our history—embracing the entire armoury of the picturesque, a handsome prince, a lost cause, an heroic girl.

I suppose that, in his soberer, more approachable moments, the Young Pretender, living in Florence with his illegitimate daughter by Miss Walkenshaw, must have responded to her entreaties to tell her something about the events of the campaign.

Through the gathering mists which brooded over his intellect, he, too, must have seen those little pictures—a street in Derby, as he marched in with his Highlanders, and anxious faces peering out from upper windows, a couple of turf-roofed stone cottages on Drummossie Moor and a ragged Highlander holding saddled horses, the last sight of Elcho cursing him for a coward, Lord George's tired face and the dawn breaking in the fiasco of the night attack on Nairn.

These pictures surely came back, and, as surely, he put them by as of matters poignant but commonplace, with no conception of their potential richness in Posterity's eyes.

No, unquestionably, it is the merciful rule of Providence that in the dramas of human life, the author shall never sit in the stage-box, nor take his call till a hundred other dramas have succeeded his. If we meet with angels in the way, we meet them unawares; if it be our lot to deflect the course of history, we shall never know it. They were shrewd words which Anatole France put into the mouth of Pontius Pilate as he dined in his dotage in Rome: "Jesus? Jesus? I don't seem to recall the name."

. . . . . .

Romance, then, is born after due time. It must lie dormant until the last vestige of personal recollection has been dispersed, till the actors are dead and those who heard the story from their lips are dead also. Only then can the deed and its traditions emerge from the commonplace, cease to be a record of workaday doings. Only then can it put on the cloak of romance, the embroidered domino.

I ask myself if any event of our times, however dramatic, will wear that cloak. Have we not filled in by our scientific discoveries that necessary gulf between personal recollection and Posterity's interest? If in the middle of the eighteenth century we had stood at the milestone of scientific progress at which we stand today, every phase of the '45 campaign would be pictorially recorded, every incident would be familiar to us, prosaically described by the actors.

There would be no dark, intervening age, no guessing. The '45 campaign would be to us as familiar and commonplace as to each generation succeeding that of the actors; all would have seen the films of the affair: "Highlanders on the march near Derby," "The Prince Enters Edinburgh," "The Battlefield at 4.15 p.m.," "The Duke of Cumberland Watching Operations," etc.

Flora Macdonald's exclusive story would be available for all to read; her re-enactment of the voyage to Skye (with the identical boat and crew) could still be shown if a public demand were evidenced.

Can the Battle of the Falkland Islands ever assume the romance of Trafalgar? The children of those who fought in it can see it fought again and again by the Nelson *ipsissimus* who won it. Candidly, I see no chance of survival for romance. I think we have killed her, with other pleasant old relics of the dark ages. From Time, as well as from Space, we have filched broad acres and mysterious woodlands.

ii. A Link with the Past: The Young Pretender's Wife

One hundred and forty years ago, on the anniversary of the beheading of his royal great-grandfather, died Charles Edward, the Young Pretender.

And the other day I came across an interesting link with the past while reading in manuscript the unpublished diaries of Lady Hardy, the wife of Nelson's Hardy. Under dates in 1822, Lady Hardy describes visits which she paid to the Countess of Albany, Charles Edward's widow, in Florence.

Links with the past are intriguing, romantic things, but they are sometimes a trifle deceptive. I don't deny that, just as a Chancellor of the Exchequer can juggle with statistics, so can a writer juggle with dates to produce his effect.

Lady Hardy lived till 1879, and there are many people alive today, and still comparatively young, who knew and discussed with her the scenes and events of her interesting life. It was only the other day that the *Cornhill* published her Byron letters, which solved the mystery of the object of his famous poem: "When we two parted." That does not here concern us; but we may fairly feel an interest in realizing that in 1946, 200 years after the Battle of Culloden, there will normally be several persons living who will have heard at first hand accounts of the appearance and conversation of the Young Pretender's wife.

Her tragic life-story is of sufficient interest to recall briefly. Louise Maximilienne Caroline, eldest daughter of Prince Gustavus of Stolberg-Gedern, was born at Mons in 1752. Her father was a princeling with a long pedigree and an empty purse, just important enough to justify the bestowal by reigning potentates in Europe of a mild interest in his children's marriages. The girl grew up in beauty, wit, and charm, and was glad, since the times were troublous and money scarce, to accept a nomination to an aristocratic religious house in Mons. Here she remained in peace until her twenty-second year.

By this time, 1774, Charles Edward, that prince of hearts whose charm and beauty and courage still live vivid in the dreams of romantic maiden ladies in the Highlands, had fallen low indeed. His moral degradation began immediately after his return to France after the '45 campaign. History seems to show that his father, the Old Pretender, was one of the best and wisest, and that he was infinitely the weakest and vilest, of that frail and faithless race.

He was now a brutal, degraded sensualist; a sot, a drunkard, an exhausted libertine of fifty-four.

His brother Henry, now Cardinal of York, decided to make a last effort to reclaim him and seek fresh interest for him with the Pope. It was felt that only marriage could achieve these objects. Louise was suggested as a suitable victim. Her charms were painted for him, and Charles Edward acquiesced. She, on her side, received the proposal in her convent, and fell to the lure of an empty crown and a stale tradition of heroism and nobility. The Young Pretender married her by proxy, and subsequently in person on Good Friday, 1774, and the Count and Countess of Albany came back to the Stuart Palace in Rome.

For her it was a life of misery and degradation from the first. The Count of Albany was despised on all sides; his empty pretensions received no recognition. But Louise charmed all Roman Society, who dubbed her "Queen of Hearts." Men raved about her and pitied her, none more than the romantic poet, Count Vittorio Alfieri, the Byron of Italy. Alfieri, who takes a high place in Italian literature, was eccentric almost to madness. He had three insatiable passions—literature, horses, and women. But, unlike Byron, he had some vestiges of a heart. Alfieri and Louise met and loved.

In 1780, when she was twenty-eight, the Albanys moved to Florence, whence, unable longer to endure the degradation of life with Charles, she fled from him back to Rome to the protection of her brother-in-law, the cardinal. He, ashamed perhaps of his part in her tragedy, afforded her what help he could, until Alfieri, who followed her to Rome, persuaded her to live under his protection. The cardinal made a half-hearted and futile attempt to secure Alfieri's banishment; and thereafter acquiesced in their union and helped forward a deed of separation from Charles. This was executed in 1784.

Charles Edward was now on his last legs, destitute and lonely. He bethought him again of his former mistress, Miss Walkenshaw, who bore his mother's name of Clementina, and summoned to his house the daughter of their union, Charlotte Stuart. He had her legitimized and created her *Duchess* of Albany. Charlotte did her

duty by him for the four remaining years of his life. She even reconciled the once more estranged brothers, and on January 30, 1788, she closed the tired eyes of the Young Pretender, following him to the grave the very next year, and leaving the title of Albany to the undisputed possession of his widow.

There seems to be no doubt that Alfieri and Louise never married; she had enough hope, and he enough vanity, to prefer the more irregular and less compromising union. Nor did she anywhere suffer from public disapproval. In the year of Charles's death she came to London, showing not the least trace of anxiety or embarrassment, and, under the title of Princess of Stolberg, was warmly received at Court by George III. There is something altogether admirable about King George's generosity to, and broad-minded interest in, his cousins across the water. He showed particular consideration to Louise and allocated to her a pension of £1,600 from his privy purse. Walpole describes the keen interest with which the Queen gazed at her and the animation with which the Duke of Gloucester claimed her earlier acquaintance. The Countess and her poet wandered gradually back to Florence, where they settled in a fine house on the Lung' Arno. Here, as in Paris, she kept up a state of queenship and maintained besides a literary salon. The years passed, and peace and some measure of happiness came both to her and to Alfieri. He died in 1803, and was buried in Sante Croce, leaving her his literary executor and residuary legatee.

The Countess of Albany was now fifty-one years old, but not apparently tired of life or of men. She replaced Alfieri with the French painter, François Fabre, whose portraits of Louise and Alfieri are now in the Uffizi. The court and salon continued as of old, and in 1822 Lady Hardy was three times received by the Countess and records the graciousness and dignity of her hostess. Two years later, in 1824 (the year of Byron's death), the Countess of Albany died, aged seventy-two.

To Fabre came the possessions of Alfieri, Charles Edward and Louise, and many of these may still be seen, with relics of the campaign of '45, in the Fabre Museum at Montpelier.

Capital Punishment

By Bernard Hollander, M.D.

MURDER is the most horrible of all crimes, and yet all murderers are not equally wicked. No matter whether murder is committed for gain, for lust, for revenge, or to secure the safety of the murderer, or unintentionally in committing some other felony, or to escape from a cruel marriage, or from some other motive; no matter what the age, sex, or condition; whether due to passion or design, we have but one treatment, simple, undiscriminating and conclusive—"the greasy hempen rope hooked to the blackened beam!"

Even an insane homicide, if he knew what he was doing and that he was doing wrong; a feeble-minded person, if he had sufficient intelligence to have planned the murder; an epileptic acting semi-consciously, if it cannot be proved that he had a fit just at the time; a man with an unstable mind following upon head injury—all without distinction must suffer the utmost penalty—the hangman's rope and the felon's grave—though, had they consulted a medical authority before the deed, they would have been treated, in many cases, successfully.

"And after all, why not?" say many upright, devout, and otherwise quite kind-hearted people. "Why not hang a murderer?" May not the victim's relations be excused for demanding the sacred precedent of an eye for an eye? Only a few weeks ago a writer in the correspondence column of a popular daily paper said that, in his view, justice demanded the sacrificing of a life for a life taken, and there was an end of it! But such a spirit of revenge belongs to a primitive state of society. Modern justice—as distinct from the law—demands that the responsibility of the murderer shall be proved. There may be mitigating circumstances, quite apart from disease. There may be provocation. Perhaps the murderer's consciousness was clouded at the time by drink,

by passion, or from some other cause. Perhaps the murder was committed on sudden impulse.

The object of committing murderers to the gallows, we are told by eminent judges, is to restrain others by the terror which such a death inspires. The example is cited of certain American States in which the death penalty has been abolished and a tremendous increase in homicides is said to have followed. But this example is hardly fair, for nearly every citizen in these States carries firearms and is apt to use them on the slightest provocation. If severity of punishment had any restraining effect, we might as well return to medieval practices and add torture to death. Murders have been committed in all ages and all countries, and neither the wheel nor any other cruel method of inflicting the death penalty has been able to extirpate this crime.

The crime of murder is usually committed under stress of emotional excitement, or by individuals who have carefully estimated their chances of detection and punishment. In neither class of murderers does death by hanging operate as a check. The fiercer the passion, the more it will engross the whole mind, the less will consequences be contemplated, and the less capable will be the individual of realizing the fear of the gallows and applying it as a restraining motive. Punishment by hanging does not stand towards crime in the relation of a direct preventive; and, as a means of deterring others, it will deter only favourably constituted men, and will operate with the least effect precisely on those on whom it is most needed to act powerfully—the reckless, daring villains.

But it is not with familiar arguments that I wish to carry conviction of the uselessness of the death penalty. The problem that comes within my particular sphere as a mental specialist and medical psychologist is that of responsibility. Before dealing with it, I must protest at once against the possible insinuation of being guided by excess of sympathy for the evil-doer, of being a crank, or of regarding all murderers as insane and irresponsible! One of the judges recently said he would not take the law from Harley Street—a rebuke which is not justified, for the sole province of medical experts is to assist the

Court with evidence as to the mental state of the accused at the time of committing the crime, so that his responsibility may be determined.

Let us take, first of all, a perfectly sane but brutal murderer. What is his character? In him will be found a selfish nature that seeks to gratify the lowest instincts regardless of consequences. There is a certain moral blindness, an inability to perceive or weigh certain probabilities, a lack of sympathy, a desire for some object within reach, a minimum of foresight and prudence, and a maximum of brutal propensities. His disposition may be inherited, due to neglect or a bad environment, or due to both factors. In either case society is as much to blame as the individual.

I have seen numbers of youths, the despair of their parents—liars, thieves, passionate, cruel, whom no school would or could, keep—who, when launched upon the world, were unable to earn their living, except spasmodically, and then rarely by honest means; and who soon became addicted to vices and numerous offences. If they commit murder in due course, is hanging an appropriate punishment? Society must protect itself against them; but if it cannot reform them, it should segregate them. To kill them is as unnatural as it is to kill a weak-minded or insane person who is guilty of murder.

The instincts which lead to murder in certain people are possessed by us all, though in varying degrees of development, and controlled by the moral sentiments implanted in us by our early education, which urges us to adapt ourselves to the accepted rules of civilized society. We have all been taught self-control, only not all are successful in an equal measure. Some people yield more readily to their impulses than others. The best of us lack control sometimes. We vary in the strength of such innate passions as greed, lust, envy, jealousy, revengefulness.

Only people without any strong desires and in fortunate circumstances are not tempted. Yet even among these there are some who, though they would be horrified at real crime, will commit smaller offences without any compunction.

The cold-blooded, heartless murderer lacks physical and moral sensibility from his earliest childhood. Extreme callousness is a far more necessary equipment to him than a loaded revolver. Strictly speaking, he is not a degenerate, for he never was normal. His mentality has been arrested in development. He has never acquired the altruistic sentiments. Consequently, he has no conscience and does not feel remorse.

Moral defect is not admitted in law, at least not in adults. If it were, we should have to empty half our prisons. Even intellectual deficiency, which is very common amongst criminals, is left to the prison authorities to discover—that is to say, after sentence. Of course, an intellectually deficient person is not bound to become a criminal, unless he has very powerful instincts, which in consequence he is unable to control. A good many of the so-called incorrigible offenders who receive ever-increasing sentences are of this kind.

There are certain mental disorders which predispose to violence and murder. It is well known to mental experts that brain lesions which give rise to temporary fits of mania may lead to manifestations of ungovernable passion and homicide; if they give rise to melancholia, murder may be committed, generally of members of the family, from a mistaken fear of ruin or other apprehension; in paranoia there may be unpremeditated or designed assaults on innocent persons mistaken for enemies; and I have known even inflammatory ear disease, when extending to the brain, lead to violent assaults and in some cases to murder, followed by suicide when normal consciousness was regained. The behaviour in all these cases may be perfectly rational up to the time of the act, but the perpetrators as a rule can be distinguished from ordinary murderers by certain peculiarities. The person suffering from a disorder or disease of the brain is usually prompted by an inadequate or unapparent motive; he has no accomplices; he rarely communicates his purpose to others; he rushes on his victim as if driven by sudden impulse; he lays no plans for escape, and seldom attempts to get away after the deed. Often he avows his crime with perfect indifference, without regret or dread of punishment. It is the unbalanced condition of the brain

centres which allows action to take place which a healthy state of the brain would enable a man to resist.

In addition to actual lesions, disturbances in the working of the brain may be caused by changes in the circulation and in the quality of the blood, as in alcoholic poisoning, and by such disorders as epilepsy. Curiously, crimes committed under the influence of drink, though brought about voluntarily, often excite more sympathy than the crimes committed by persons suffering from epilepsy, which is a genuine affliction, often inherited. Anyone knows the epileptic when his brain storm discharges itself in the form of convulsions, and the minor form which shows itself in lapses of consciousness is also well known; but there may be neither of these varieties, only the so-called masked epilepsy, with no other sign than peculiar conduct. When the strange act is of an innocent nature, as getting into a bath fully dressed, or when the act is dangerous only to the epileptic himself, the peculiar mental condition is readily admitted; but if the afflicted person should kill his sweetheart for no motive or some undiscovered motive, the law does not admit any lack of mental balance, but orders the murderer to be hanged.

Take for instance the case of Perry (reported in the *Times* of June 24, 1919), who murdered a family at Forest Gate with comprehensive and aimless brutality, which would lead one to suspect mental disorder. Evidence was given that his head had been injured and was painful at the spot; that he was subject to hallucinations of hearing and had epileptic fits, though some years back; that he came of an insane stock; that one of his sisters was an epileptic; and that he had consulted a doctor about his condition prior to the murder.

One of the medical witnesses acknowledged that he would have recommended an operation on the injured area of the man's skull. Still, the jury found the prisoner guilty, and he was sentenced to death. The Lord Chief Justice on appeal pointed out that the crux of the case was whether there was evidence that at the time when the murders were committed the murderer was suffering from an epileptic attack; otherwise it would be dangerous if a man were to say: "I once had an epileptic fit, and

everything that happens thereafter must be put down to that." The appeal was dismissed and Perry was hanged.

Now, in this case there was a reasonable doubt as to the condemned man's sanity. Had he been allowed to live, his mental derangement would have become evident sooner or later, as illustrated by another case which happened some months ago.

There was an inquest on October 6 of last year on a man, George Jordan, age 36, an inmate of Knowle Mental Institution, who had committed suicide. At the post-mortem examination a piece of shrapnel was found in the middle of the brain, a relic of his war service. He had previously, in November 1925, attempted to strangle a man in a train and had been sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment. The judge then said that the accused, if he had not been wounded in the war, would have been ordered a flogging. After three weeks of imprisonment, he had attacks of minor epilepsy, showed signs of insanity, and was certified as a criminal lunatic.

In both cases I have quoted, the mental trouble was due to head injury. Often there is a pressure on the brain at the site of the scar, and when this is relieved by surgical operation, the criminal dispositions and violent tendencies disappear, as I have shown in a number of cases in my book on " The Mental Symptoms of Brain Disease."

In the same book I have published a collection of over a hundred cases of brain tumours and other lesions found post-mortem in persons who had committed or attempted murder, where during life there was no sign of disease or mental derangement, except fits of violence. Most of these murderers acted on impulse and committed suicide after their deed.

The difficulty is that in law every person is presumed to be sane and responsible for his acts, and the consequences, at the time the acts were committed; and if a defence of insanity is about to be set up, then it must be clearly proved on the part of the defence " that at the time of committing the act the party accused was labouring under such a defect of reason, from disease of the mind, as not to know the nature and quality of the

act he was doing, or, if he did know it, that he did not know he was doing what was wrong."

Now, the mere knowing of the difference between right and wrong is of little value in itself. A child may know it, and yet not have sufficient strength of mind to prompt him to right conduct. Most of the insane know when they are doing wrong and are able to distinguish, though they have not the power of choosing, right from wrong. They are conscious of what they contemplate doing, but are unable to stop the brain machinery; they lack self-control.

I was once murderously attacked by an asylum patient whom I had been asked to see professionally. He got hold of my throat so tightly that I could not speak. The man had no delusions, he knew he was doing wrong, for he told me plainly he was going to kill me and that he would not be punished for my death, since he was a certified lunatic. Fortunately his attendant came back in time, when the patient released his grip. I ascertained subsequently that he thought I had come to confirm his insanity and advise his further detention in the institution.

The law is framed as if there were hard and fast lines separating sanity and insanity. But between the persons who are certainly insane and those who are undoubtedly sane there are a great many on or near the borderline, and it is in these cases that difficulty arises when a definite judgment has to be pronounced one way or the other. Perfect mental health is probably as rare as perfect bodily health; and it is most difficult to decide what amount of departure therefrom should be held to constitute insanity, or to denote irresponsibility.

It is very difficult to perceive the motives of human action, and to prove they are morbid, if behind the emotional stimulus there is no delusion or intellectual deficiency. The public is ready to cast the stigma of insanity upon anyone who talks foolishly, but most men hesitate to confer it upon the person who commits foolish acts. If experts have difficulty in deciding the sanity or insanity of an accused person, how can it be expected that a judge or jury of laymen can decide the question?

The legal test of insanity is simply a test of intellect and knowledge, whereas anyone acquainted with diseases

of the brain must be aware that the mental disorder may express itself not only in perverted ideas, but in all sorts of perverted feelings, instincts, and actions. It would be a great mistake to recognize insanity only when delusions can be demonstrated. Delusions are frequent, but by no means absolute, signs of insanity. In the early stages the delusion may not yet have developed, or though present may be suppressed, or the patient may suffer from a mental disorder in which no delusions occur.

Considering the present incomplete state of our knowledge of the functions of the brain and the working of the mind, we are not justified in executing every murderer without distinction, and the question may well be put: Should not the death penalty be abolished altogether? A sentence of life-long penal servitude, reduced to twenty years by good conduct, would be sufficient protection against the most determined brute. On the other hand, if there be any disease latent, it would manifest itself in the course of time while the prisoner is serving his sentence. It would be less disgrace for a son having to admit " Father was insane," than " Father has been hanged."

The murderer may be a savage, but that does not say that we must mete out to him savage treatment. We do less harm to the most brutal murderer by hanging him than we do to ourselves by adhering to the antiquated principle of taking a life for a life. Let us prevent murder by reforming the would-be offender in time, and by developing the means of detection so that no man can escape the arm of justice; but to hang him is not the way of progress or of humanity.

The Dragon Who Devoured the World

(An African folk-tale translated from the Kiniramba language)

By Fulahn

It is true that nowadays there are neither porcupines nor pumpkins such as those which men saw in these parts in the time of Mongo Moto [said Hanga she Kali, one of a group of kraalsmen who were yarning round the writer's camp-fire in the African wilds one night], but because you do not come across such things nowadays is not to say that such things never were.

Hand me your snuff-gourd, Kepinga. *Ko gwa!* There is nought like snuff for making words run.

As well might Mongo Moto himself have sworn that there were no such things as white men; for the years of Mongo Moto, the savage-hearted, and of Miso Nzota, the starry-eyed, were as many harvests long before the coming of the white men with their Serkal's laws as there are grains in an mtama-cob. So, as in those days there were white men, though none of our great-fathers guessed as much, except Lenana of the Masai; so thenadays were there porcupines and pumpkins such as I shall tell of, though none of us see them now. It was in that time that Mongo Moto, a hard man of fiery temper, lived in the kraal over by where Kinga's is, and where to this day, if you dig for the grain planting, you find the grinding-stones which our great-mothers used; and Mongo of the savage heart lived there with Miso Nzota, the starry-eyed, and with his son Kiri, a piccanin four harvests old; and with them lived Semkota, daughter-of-the-flower, sister of Miso Nzota, a girl as beautiful as a young eland calf.

Mongo was a man of us of the Anakilunzi tribe, who build our kraals by the wells; and, by the laws of the tribe, as now, a man of the Anakilunzi might marry many wives. And it so became that Mongo of the savage heart fell in love with the beauty of Semkota and wished to

marry her as his second wife. But Semkota spurned him. "*Magu ish!*" said she. "Shall I marry a man who eats his wife's share of the breakfast porridge and then beats her with the handle of an axe for not cooking more, as you sometimes beat Nzota?" And that enraged Mongo so that he swore to cast magic on Semkota and thus make her marry him. But Semkota, being a single girl and full of cunning—her brain not being beclayed with the years of cooking and flour-grinding and hut-cleaning that fall to a wife—saw Mongo's purpose and fled into the depths of the forest. But Mongo pursued her, and in his rage cruelly beat her, so that she fell and died. For the space of a lemur's cry Mongo stood in fear; but his rage boiled over and he drew Nsime, his great hunting-knife, and severed Semkota's arms; and of the bones of these he made a lusembi-harp, tieing to it strings of antelope-gut; and with this harp he returned to his kraal, telling his wife Nzota that Semkota had gone far upon a journey.

Hand me the snuff-gourd, Kepinga, that I may loose my tongue.

That evening Miso Nzota was grinding corn on the flat stones by the door of her hut, when Kiri, her piccanin, began to cry; so Mongo took down the harp from its peg and began to play, thinking to pacify the baby. "Udi! Di!" twanged the harp; and though to the ears of Mongo and Nzota came the lilt of the roaring war-song which Mongo had sung when he fought with the fierce Agugui who, in the low moons, raided cattle from his kraal, yet to the ears of Kiri this harp sang a different song. "Harken, my nephew," it sang, "Son of Nzota, hear how thy father, Mongo the Savage, crushed the fair flower, deep in the forest. Hark, for Semkota whispers to thee!" As Kiri listened, his eyes grew round and he harkened more carefully to the whisperings of the harp; but he was but a piccanin of four harvests and did not quite understand, it being that he could only speak few words himself.

But in the morning, when Mlombo, chief hunter of the tribe in those days, came for Mongo to join in the hunt of Nzogu, the elephant, the piccanin cried to his mother, "Mama! Udi! Udi!" and Nzota, thinking that he

meant her to play the harp to him, took it from its peg and played. And this time the harp sang louder than before, so that amidst its music Nzota heard Semkota's song and learned of her sister's fate.

Pass me the snuff-gourd, O Kepinga; I feel there is dust in my eyes. *Cisangu gwa!* Do not think that I weep; it is but ash from the fire in my eye.

For a long time Nzota cried bitterly, wailing aloud as the women will, at the fate of Semkota, her sister; and in her sorrow she implored the aid of Munankali, god of the world. Even as she sobbed, the branches of the dark mbiluilu tree which grew by Mongo's hut shook as though the great wind had passed by; and Miso knew that Munankali heard. For thenadays, as now, no wind was strong enough to stir the mbiluilu's boughs.

So Miso Nzota swung Kiri to her hip, for thus the women in those times carried their piccanins, as now; and she called to her two dogs who were named Masimbili, the-two-fierce-as-lions, and made ready to flee from the home of Mongo the Savage who, she feared, would destroy her too.

But first she made a magic sign at the door of the hut and another in the cooking-place on mafia, the three pot-stones; and yet another in the granary. And far away over the plains, Mongo of the savage heart felt in the very thrill of the hunt as though a dark cloud had passed over him. Nzogu, the elephant, trumpeted aloud . . . *kiuru-sue-e-e-e!* And Mongo turned to his friends and said: "My heart is sad; and my soul is heavy. I must return to Miso, my wife, and to Kiri, my son, lest ill befall them." And so he ran back; but when he reached the door of his hut he saw that it was empty, and he cried out loudly: "Miso! Miso!"

His voice rang hollow in the empty hut; and only the voice of the magic sign which Miso had put on the door answered him: "Eheu! Thou wickedest of men!" And Mongo the savage-hearted passed, trembling, from the door to the cooking-place and called: "Miso! Thou starry-eyed! Miso! O Miso!" But only the voice of Miso's magic answered him, "Eheu! Thou wickedest of men!" And Mongo fled, fear-gripped, from the hut to search in the sand of the narrow bush pathways for

the footprints of his wife that he might learn where she had gone. And at last he found the marks of her running feet; and, following all through that night and long into the afternoon of the next day, he came up with Miso and Kiri, her son.

Pass me the water-gourd, O thou, Shegunda, for my throat is dry.

And when he saw her Mongo cried: "Miso! O Miso!" and Miso turned and saw him. Far off in the blue hills that edge the sky, Nsimba, the lion, roared—"*Ee-eugh-ugh! eee-ugh!*" Great clouds piled up in the sky and Nkuwa, the Thunder-god, rent them with his lightning. Then Miso cried to Nkuwa: "O Thunderer of the Heavens, destroy this evil man!" And Mongo Moto of the savage heart shook with fear and shouted: "O thou Nsimba, thou lion roaring in the hills afar! Come thou and devour this woman!" But Miso cried again to Nkuwa the Thunderer; and a great shaft of lightning smote upon Mongo, the savage-of-heart, and rent him limb from limb.

So Miso went upon her way with Kiri and her two dogs Masimbili, and journeyed till the setting sun turned the world to fire; and after this, Mlela, goddess of the moon, filled the skies with silver.

On went Miso through the night. Mpisi, the hyena, sprang upon her from the bush; but her dogs Masimbili fell on him and drove him off. Nsui, the leopard, snarled at her, but she called to Masimbili and they drove Nsui off. And so walked Miso through the night, until she drew near the kraal where her mother lived, and it was then that Nungu, the porcupine, came suddenly upon her in the path and fired out his sharp quills at her; so that Miso fell. In vain she cried: "Masimbili! Masimbili!" But her dogs had run on to the kraal to get water for themselves, and so Nungu captured Miso and carried her to his cavern in the dark recesses of woods and threw her into his den and left her there. And Kiri wept; but Nungu picked up the little boy and set off for the house of Miso's mother.

Soon he arrived there, and Miso's parents and her brothers welcomed him with joy, for they thought that Kiri had been lost and that Nungu had found him. So

they made a feast and gave Nungu the three-legged stool of honour to be seated.

It was towards harvest one day when Nungu had gone hunting in the woods that Kiri sat by the door of his grandmother's hut singing, and he sang: "O mother mine, of thee I am singing; how do you fare in the porcupine's den?" for Kiri had now learned words enough to sing so. "What is that you sing?" asked his grandmother; and Kiri told her how the porcupine had captured Miso. And when she heard this, Miso's mother gathered all her kraalsfolk and they searched the woods until they found Miso in the porcupine's den, and they brought her back to their kraal. But they thought out a plan to kill Nungu.

So when he returned, they sent him on to the flat roof of a hut to fetch some grain which had been spread to dry, and while he was on the roof they built a great fire and covered it with the raw hide of an ox. Then they took away the ladder up which Nungu had climbed. "How shall I get down?" cried Nungu when he had gathered the grain. "Jump into this skin!" the kraalsfolk answered; and Nungu jumped. But as he did so, they snatched away the skin and Nungu fell into the fire, where he was burned to death. "Burn up, thou wicked Nungu!" cried Kiri. "I burn! I burn!" screamed Nungu, "but you shall pay for this!" The people laughed; when the fire had burned out they gathered the ashes and threw them into the grain-plantation, where they made a little heap.

Heh, Kepinga, fetch me my oxhide; it grows cold, talking here.

Thus it became that one day, when Kiri played in the plantation, he saw a little plant sprouting from the heap of ashes; and the plant grew larger and larger until it bore a pumpkin. And when this pumpkin was nearly full-grown, Kiri's grandmother came to look at it, and seeing that it was still green, she said: "Get ripe, you old pumpkin!" and the pumpkin mimicked her, saying: "Get ripe, *you* old pumpkin!" This made Kiri's grandmother so angry that she cried: "Don't mock me, or I will cut you off!" But the pumpkin repeated what she had said, and in her rage the old woman took an axe and cut off the pumpkin. No sooner had she done so than the

pumpkin fell to the ground and burst; and out of it came a huge dragon which immediately ate Kiri's grandmother and then ravaged up and down the country until all the people and their flocks and even all the wild animals had been devoured. Only two escaped: Miso Nzota and Kiri, who had hidden themselves in a heap of grain.

Hand me thy snuff-gourd, O Kepinga, for the night is late and the veld mist chill in my throat.

Harvest-time came and went many a moon until Miso Nzota grew old and Kiri her son grew great, a man, strong and bold, ever skilling in the hunter's art that one day he might slay the dragon. And so his day came as the dragon found them, Kiri and Nzota, in the refuge of the cave where they then lived. Most fearsome was this dragon; but Kiri feared him not. He stood before Miso and cried: "I am at the front! I am at the back! I am on each side! I am the stone for sharpening knives upon!" Wherewith he fell upon the dragon with his spear and attacked it fiercely and slew it, and it died.

And as the dragon died, it said to Kiri: "Skin me when I am dead." So Kiri skinned the dragon, and out of the skin came all the people and the flocks and herds and even the wild animals which the dragon had devoured; all except one old woman, who fought and struggled as some spiteful women will, so clumsily that Kiri accidentally cut her with his skinning-knife. "O!" cried the old woman, "what do you mean by this? You let out all the other people and the flocks and herds and even the wild beasts; but when I come, you cut me!" And so angry was she that she bewitched Kiri, who crept away into the bush and died with his sorrow.

Thus see you, O my brothers—hand me that snuff-gourd of thine, O Kepinga—that the ways of a woman are beyond the wit of man. Harken! Bunde, the brown owl, calls, and the fire is low; it is time for us to be wrapping in our sleeping hides.

The Vlakte

By Frances Ingram

In a favoured part of the karoo, where streams from the Outeniqua mountains fill the farmers' dams, a pair of wild geese—the African sheldrake—had made their nest. They had chosen an old wood-pile, near an empty cottage which stood on some rising ground above a lonely *vlakte*, or pool. The *vlakte* lay at the lower end of a valley on the north-west boundary of Peter le Sueur's farm, just where the land rose towards the spurs of the mountains. The cottage had stood empty for at least two years; the sheldrake had lived near it all that time and no one had entered it or uncovered its boarded windows. It stood in its untidy *erf*, once cultivated but now a tangle of weeds, with gnarled fruit-trees sticking up here and there. In springtime *fykies*, *kroosbloem* and nasturtiums still flourished on the north side of the hut. A tall blue-gum stood at one corner of the *erf*, towering above the poplars and weeping willows that grew at the head of the pool. The farm was a very large one, and the big homestead was fully twelve miles away from the lonely cottage, and the sheldrakes hardly ever saw a human being except for the quaint little coloured herd-boys tending the brownish-grey sheep, brownish-grey themselves and more ragged. The geese were not much troubled by the little shepherds, though occasionally the sheep, when they came to drink at the *vlakte*, would stray into the *erf* through a gap in the aloe hedge. For some reason the herd-boy would never allow them in there, and always—as soon as he discovered that any of them had entered the forbidden ground—he would rush after them with shrill cries and, standing just outside the broken gate, would throw stones and clods of earth at the truants to drive them out. He never entered the *erf* himself, being afraid of snakes, and perhaps of spooks. This the sheldrakes were quick to observe, and the garden was one of their favourite feeding grounds, for, under the *kroosbloem* and nasturtiums they found succulent grubs and colonies of woodlice, and in the tangle of weeds in the orchard there were always a few slugs. The wood-pile had been their nesting place for three seasons, and except for an encounter with *rooikat*

(wild cat) the winter before, and a few minor accidents, they had led their happy and useful lives unmolested. Each year when their young ones had flown away, one after another, seeking adventure and waters new, the parent birds stayed on. They had become attached to the place, and the abundance of food provided by a neglected garden made it easy to rear a young brood without the danger of foraging far from the water.

The African sheldrake is a very handsome bird. He is a goose, with all the intelligence and the fine carriage of his kind. A pair of sheldrakes in spring plumage is a beautiful sight. Their dark green wing-tips set off the tawny red of the upper wings and back; the iridescent sheen of the neck and breast of the male forms a contrast to his mate, who is scarcely less beautiful with her creamy grey breast, pencilled with exquisitely fine arrow-heads of brown. Her head carries a pale, cap-like marking, while her mate has a dark crown, edged with cream. The under parts of both are of a deep warm tone of grey; their reddish legs are long, and the knee, or rather hock, joints are, unlike those of a duck, flat, large and upright, and bare of feathers. They have all the character of a true goose. Fortunately for them, they are not very good to eat and this, combined with their intelligence, their wonderful eyesight, and powers of flight, has done much to preserve them in a country where, unhappily, it is the custom of the inhabitants to shoot at sight all wild and interesting creatures, regardless of their usefulness or rarity, their age or sex.

The prospect from the cottage included much cloudless sky, wide stretches of karoo, and a long strip of sourveld running along the little stream that in winter filled the *vlakte*. Above the water lay a bare, stony tract on which grew a few proteas or sugar bushes, and these in turn gave place to the softer bush of the foot-hills above which towered the bare and craggy ranges of the Outeniqua mountains. A krantz or gorge gashed the steep side of one of the highest and wildest of the bergs. Difficult of ascent, gloomy and forbidding even in summer, in winter it was inaccessible, and its thread of water, grown to a raging torrent, descended almost vertically for several hundred feet in a series of leaps, filling the gorge with a booming sound and a cloud of spray. Here

above the fall, a pair of *rooikats* had made their home. On several occasions their hunting had brought them to the lonely dam, and they had viewed the sheldrakes with interest, but without much hope of ever being able to add such large, strong birds to their bill of fare. The sheldrakes on their part were not displeased at the neighbourhood of the *rooikats*, who caught and killed the rats which had begun to haunt the empty cottage—a menace to eggs and young ones in the nesting season, and a condition of armed neutrality existed between the sheldrake and the cats.

That winter had been very severe. Snow lay thick on the mountains and icy winds swept down the krantzes and whirled over the veld, shaking the little karoo bushes and humming drearily through the rushes of the *vlei*. Even the crows found it difficult to pick up a living and, thin and shivering, were blown about the sky. The wild-cats had a hard struggle to find food. Usually there were plenty of rodents—mice and fat little striped bush-rats, gerbilles and moles—but lately these had become very scarce. During that hard winter the cats extended the range of their hunting, travelling long distances in their search for food; and one night they visited the big homestead and chanced upon a turkey which had stolen a nest in a patch of briers behind a barn. In the cold darkness of an early winter morning they fell upon the big bird, and found it an easy prey, and they were full fed for the first time for many days. This success made them bold, and when in a few days the pangs of hunger again assailed them, their thoughts turned to the pair of sheldrakes at the dam. But to catch the wary wild-geese was a very different matter from overpowering a stupid domesticated turkey, as the cats soon discovered. The drake was in the air taking his evening exercise, wheeling high above the *vlakte* in magnificent circles, when the cats, driven by their hunger, came stealing out of the rocky krantz. Although he was flying at the rate of an express train, the sheldrake's eye caught a movement in the withered grasses of the foothills, and he presently spied the cats creeping through the bush and knew exactly when they came to the cottage by the dam. He felt no anxiety because they had never attempted to molest him or his

mate, but it was his nature and habit to observe everything, and his mate was alone by the *vlakte*, where she had lately become interested in several possible nesting places. Without slackening his speed, he closed his wings, and dropped several hundred feet, continuing his flight in narrower circles just above the trees. There was his mate, standing in a patch of rushes at some distance from the water, preening her feathers. She had finished her investigation of the shore, and had decided for about the fiftieth time that there was no nesting place so satisfactory as that afforded by the wood-pile in the *erf*. She was just about to join the drake in the air when that sixth sense which sometimes seems to be the portion of wild creatures caused her to look round. The open space before the cottage was strewn with large stones, and the *rooikats*, having taken advantage of every scrap of cover, had crept close to the goose. As she looked round, they pounced. She stooped to spring into the air, but the female cat struck her on the wing, while the other made a dash at her feet. At that moment the drake, dropping like a stone from the sky, hit the first cat on the back, knocking all the wind out of her. Sailing on without a pause, the impetus of his descent aiding him, he struck the male cat in the ribs, knocking him sideways, and following up his advantage by buffeting him with the hard knobs on the fronts of his wings. The goose recovered her balance and, although one wing was bleeding, joined in the attack, and with extended neck rushed upon the enemy. But the cats had no stomach for further fight. They retreated, spitting and snarling, pursued by the angry geese to the very edge of the bush. The wounded wing was not broken and healed quickly, but a tuft of white feathers grew on the site of the injury.

After the snow and frost came rain. The sun drowned in the hills. Blustering winds from the north-west blew masses of cloud from the far Atlantic and piled them on to the mountain peaks, where they broke in torrents of cold rain and drenched the veld, driving the underground creatures to their burrows.

But spring was at hand, and the sun, gaining strength, chased away the clouds and the glorious air of the karoo was filled with the scent of *rhenosterbosh* and of the little

grey aromatic plant called by the children " shepherds' bed," for often when wandering over the lonely hillsides it may be found woven into a couch by some solitary shepherd.

Pat-loopers (plover), their red legs twinkling, their pointed egg-shaped bodies held smoothly horizontal, ran about the sheep tracks, the pronounced curl at the back of their folded crests making them look like birds out of an Egyptian hieroglyphic painting. Little companies of the tiny namaqua doves swung to and fro over the bushes, and from every tuft of grass sprang the larks, their yellow crests gay with the brightness of their spring plumage. One or another of them was constantly rising into the air, uttering his clear, long-drawn note and sinking down again—his place immediately taken by another, so that the whole air was filled with the lovely sound, as though a bow had been drawn trembling across the strings of a violin.

Tiny iridescent sugar-birds hovered over the curious and exquisite blossoms of the proteas, themselves more curious and exquisite than the flowers on whose nectar they existed. The veld was starred with *pypies*, gazanias, ixias and " painted-ladies." Spring had come.

One afternoon at sunset, a flight of crowned crane visited the *vlakte*. They flew slowly round the darkening water in the wistful light of a spring evening. Their long legs held straight out behind them, their long necks curved back into their shoulders, a skein of grey against the paling sky, they might have flown straight out of some exquisite Japanese print. The sheldrake took little notice of them, knowing them to be as harmless as they are beautiful, merely watching them as they landed on a strip of sand at the foot of the dam. There they stood for a moment surveying the scene. Then very slowly they began to dance. Spreading out their great wings and holding them extended, like the short skirts of a ballet dancer, they took little tripping steps, floating forward and back on the very tips of their toes, now spinning round, now leaping in the air, and landing again, softly as one of their own feathers. Their movements were as light and silent as thistledown for all their great size, for they stand nearly four feet high. This was their courting dance and, had the sheldrakes needed

any reminder, it would have shown them that spring had truly come, and that it was time to set about the serious business of nest-building. But indeed they felt the spring in every nerve; the plumage of the drake grew finer, his eye brighter and the green and tawny feathers of his wings more brilliant. He was splendid to behold as he flashed his jewels in the sunlight for the admiration of his more soberly-clad mate. He would have been content for her to spend her whole time in admiring him, but now she left him for a while each day to go to her nest, and presently she spent all day sitting on the clutch of fourteen eggs that lay under the wood-pile, only leaving it for a few moments morning and evening for food and exercise.

It was during this time that the spotted crows were a great trial to her. Clever and unscrupulous thieves, they managed to steal several of her precious eggs. Whenever she left the nest, she always covered the eggs with leaves and rubbish, and although she performed this act with a few careless and rapid movements, it was none the less effective, and from a few feet above and away the eggs were completely hidden and the nest indistinguishable from the dead material strewn around the wood-pile. But it was when she began to sit that the spotted thieves became a menace to her eggs. With the spring the crows had once again become the bold and glossy rôbbers of the veld, but to steal the eggs of so strong and wary a bird as the goose strategy was required. A crow, flying low over the brooding bird, would swoop down in a threatening manner, making a feint at her head with his powerful beak. She would stand up to repel the attack, throwing back her head, hissing angrily and raising her wings. This was the moment for which the crow had been waiting, and with a rapid turn he would swing in under her guard, spear an egg with his sharp beak and carry it off in triumph. But after two or three times the goose, taught by experience, realized her mistake and, refusing to be deceived, sat close.

II

At length there came a day when she did not join her mate for their usual evening flight. He went to seek her, and she met him at the gate of the *erf* proudly leading

twelve tiny greenish-grey goslings. Accepting at once his responsibilities as a father, he took his place at the tail of the procession. Even among domesticated geese good fathers are the rule, and in the wild the male sheldrake cares for his young almost as well as does his mate, and our sheldrake shared to the full the agreeable task of rearing the little family. That night he slept by the wood-pile, hearing with pleasure the faint contented peepings of the little ones under their mother's wings. Next morning the parents led the young brood down to the dam, and in a few moments the whole family was on the water. The parents were soon showing them how to find the little freshwater snails and other delicacies at the edge of the shallows. Every now and then the old birds would turn up their heads sideways to scan the sky, so that when presently a *lammer-fanger* (eagle) appeared like a speck in the blue, the direction of his flight was carefully observed, and he was watched from the first moment of his appearance. Espying the goslings he came rushing down, sailing over the rushes like a dark cloud. "Qkr, qkr" (dive! dive!) cried the mother, raising herself in the water and flapping her wings, and the tiny goslings, scarcely a day old, at once disappeared with a wriggle under the water, their little bodies showing all spangled with air-bubbles as they slid beneath the clear element towards the shelter of the rushes to which their father and mother swam. Here they were safe, and the *lammer-fanger*, disappointed, fanned away over the veld to hunt for bush-rats and snakes.

In the heat of the day, when the dazzle was on the water, the careful parents led the little ones up the bank to the shelter of a weeping willow whose boughs overhung the waters at the head of the *vlakte*. Here they lay on their sides in the tempered sunlight and spread first one tiny wing and then another, in absurd imitation of their mother, one of whose large pinions, when outspread, could cover a dozen of them, so small are sheldrakes when they are first hatched. So they lay in the pleasant warmth of the spring afternoon copying every motion of their parents, preening their mottled down and even turning their bright glances to the sky, and every now and then making a soft, contented murmur

through closed beaks, almost a purr—the very characteristic sound made by young sheldrake. The deep blue of the African sky found a mirror in the still waters of the *vlakte*, its surface scarcely broken by the dipping swallows. The stillness of the valley seemed only intensified by the shrilling of insects in the gum-trees and by the gay notes of the *quik-stertjes* (wagtails) running on the shore. Later on that afternoon the sheldrake took their leisurely way towards the *erf* with its tangle of weeds. The mother led the way, walking slowly with the stately gait of the goose, watching every bush and clump, and the sward and the sky, all at the same time, for there are enemies everywhere to babes of the wild. As they passed silently and cautiously across the level strip of land, taking advantage of every bit of cover, a pair of *muishonds* (a large member of the weasel tribe), hunting mice at the edge of the bush, winded the procession. Flattening themselves to the earth, they stole out to cut off the line of the geese. Knowing well the strength and fearlessness of the parents, they had recourse to a stratagem. As the sheldrake family approached one of the *muishonds* glided behind a stump, downwind, and waited until the geese had passed, while his companion crossed the path ahead of them and in full view. The ruse succeeded. The male bird, leaving his place at the tail of the procession, rushed forward hissing angrily. There was a lightning pounce from the stump, and a squeak, as the other *muishond* seized the smallest of the goslings and scurried with it into the bush. The sheldrakes, greatly perturbed, rounded up the rest of the family and took them hastily into the shelter of the friendly wood-pile, where the mother covered them with her strong wings, her anxious heart swelling with joy as she felt them pressing against her body and listened to their soft, contented murmur.

For several days after this they had no further adventure, and the youngsters throve and grew fat. Their parents led them to where some small pools, left since the rain, had become full of tadpoles, and the little sheldrakes enjoyed these expeditions and became expert in catching the wriggling creatures. Returning one hot morning towards the *vlakte*, they were just about to rest in the shade of the big blue-gum when a large hawk

swept down upon them out of the branches. "Qrrt! qrrt!" (hide! hide!) cried the mother in an agony of fear, and she stretched her wings to their fullest extent to cover their movements. In a second the little goslings had "frozen," squatting on the ground motionless, their eyes tightly closed, the mottled yellow-grey of their down almost indistinguishable from the grey and yellow leaves and dead sticks on the flower-spangled ground. The hawk fanned slowly over them, but his eyes were deceived by the mosaic of colour, and his attention distracted by the angry hissing of the parents. Sweeping up and round the tree he turned and came over again. All the little goslings lay motionless, awaiting leave to stir from their mother—all except one. He had been straggling somewhat behind when the order to squat had been given, and now he opened his eyes and, seeing that the hawk had gone, as he thought, he started to join the others. Obedience is life in the wild, and disobedience often means death to babes of the bush. The hawk instantly detected the movement of the foolish youngster, and there was a rush of wings as he pounced upon and seized the morsel in his talons and soared upwards. Both parents sprang into the air at the smothered shriek of their gosling. They beat at the hawk with their pinions, and almost made him drop his prey, but not quite. Seeing that it was useless, they sadly gave up the chase and dropped down to the others. Not a gosling had moved, and for a moment the parents stood proudly looking round at the ten little motionless forms among the leaves. Then the mother gave a low call and all the little creatures rose and ran to her side, gabbling softly, and she led them quickly under the tree, where in the flickering shade they were safe, at any rate from foes of the air.

III

Unlike the young of partridges and pheasants and many other wild birds, the offspring of sheldrakes remain for a very long time with their parents before they are able to fly, and it requires all the skill and care of both the old birds to bring them safely to maturity.

For only a little time longer was the sanctuary which had served our sheldrakes so well destined to remain inviolate. One morning, shortly before the young family

was able to fly, changes began to occur at the cottage. Men were seen moving about its long-neglected garden. The shutters were taken down, the orchard cleared, and the wood-pile, their own wood-pile, pulled about and much of it carried away. Disturbed and anxious, the birds kept to the far side of the dam, hiding in the reeds, only venturing on land in the evening to sleep on the rushy bank. But the education of the young birds still continued; able to fly a little, one evening, encouraged by their parents, they essayed a circle of the dam. Suddenly, old birds and young alike were startled by the report of a gun. Wheeling and scattering in alarm, they mounted quickly higher and higher. All except one. Her right side shattered, the mother fell, tumbling over and over, to pitch headlong into the rushes. The *vlei* was in shadow, but the upper air was full of light. Looking upward, she saw the beloved family far above her, tinged golden and bronze by the last rays of the setting sun. Mortally wounded though she was, in a last endeavour to rejoin them she struggled upward towards them, and with that impulse died. Falling for the second time, she crashed deeper into the rushes.

Dusk had now come, and when the man who had fired the gun came to search the reeds, he could see nothing, and presently went away. Soon the male sheldrake, with the young birds, all again being quiet, came dropping back towards the *vlei*. It was only when they were all on the water that he realized for the first time that his mate was missing. Looking anxiously around, he perceived her lying on the shore, the little tuft of white feathers on her wing glimmering in the dusk. Flying to her side, he saw that her lovely plumage was spattered with blood. Landing close to her, he called her softly again and again; then, as he realized that she would never again answer his call, he threw back his head and, raising his wings, gave a loud ringing cry, full of wild sorrow. Springing at length into the air and rising in great sweeping curves, he circled for the last time over the well-loved *vlakte*—his home and the scene of his joys for so long.

When high above the darkling waters, he once again gave out his harsh and lonely cry as, followed by the young ones, he flew straight towards the dying sunset.

His Own Country

By Gordon Daviot

RAWSON sat sideways at the candle-lit mahogany and breathed quite consciously the fragrance of cigar smoke and vintage port. It was a long time since he had done that—since he had been conscious of his surroundings as a separate entity to be examined and appraised instead of treating them as part of himself, incidental and accepted. The five others at the table were all of them of eminence in their different walks of life; and continually the pleasant wine-tinted web of their conversation was shot with the sound of his name in their clean voices. "Isn't that so, Rawson?" "What do you think, Colonel?" And Rawson answered them without hesitation, his replies making often a small rent of laughter in the web; but tonight he wove no bright pattern of talk for their pleasure. He sat and listened, and one slim forefinger outlined continually an orange reflection in the table's surface. Tomorrow his leave began; and tomorrow he was going home. That was matter for neither sorrow nor elation; it was merely cold fact, like the pale light that fell into his room when his man drew aside the curtains of a morning. But the consciousness of it caused his mind to withdraw where it habitually touched and mingled. It hovered over his five companions in friendly appreciation and benediction. It approved their talk as it had approved it at his first tasting ten years ago. But there was no awe in his approbation now as there had been then. Long ago he had become naturalized in the company of men whose playground was the world and whose horizons were infinity; long ago he had learned to take them for granted, as they had taken him. He savoured their quality consciously tonight as he savoured the port on his tongue only because tomorrow he was going home.

His unwonted withdrawal caused a stirring in their thoughts. Rawson was quiet tonight. Was there anything behind it? There was a rumour that the Foreign Office was angry about that affair in Albania, and someone had said that Rawson had been asked to go and smooth things over. Perhaps—but even if one fished, one would

get no further. He had eyes like bits of stone, the beggar, and a tongue like Delilah.

As if the fret in their minds had been photographed on the sensitive plate of his social consciousness, he roused himself. He caught a phrase almost before the judge had dropped it, twisted it, juggled with it, made it into something quite different with a skill that no law court could have bettered; told a story as illustration and mimicked the hero of it with such a faithfulness tinged with burlesque, that, when he had finished, they shouted with laughter, and the ambassador lifted his glass in a little gesture of congratulation. At the sound of their mirth his gravity relaxed; a smile like that of a naughtily clever child creased his face and pitted a dimple in his right cheek. His hand swept in a schoolboy way over the grey cloud of unparted hair that crowned his head in such a strangely unmilitary fashion. Only his eyes stayed still and dark in the candle-light.

"Useful man," thought the duke. "Wish *we* could get him. Suppose he thinks politics small beer, though."

Twenty-four hours later Rawson, bucketed about in a taxi over the uneven cobbles of the small-town street, was trying to be interested in his sister's explanations about his having to have the other bedroom because the roof had leaked above his own, and hating himself because he could find, after prolonged and hopeful prodding, no vestige of pleasure within him at home-coming. True, there was his father. But he had seen his father often, elsewhere. He had come as his guest to many corners of Europe, to Egypt, to Washington. Even the faded sister beside him, almost incoherent between nervousness and delight, had been given holidays in London at times when he was there. But "home" had stayed where it was, unvisited and unattractive, supremely unimportant; a little town of self-sufficient people who would have been amusing as a marionette show had their ignorance been less crass. He had remembered them only in momentary spasms induced by a familiar accent in the street, a name on the railway advertisements of summer resorts. Now he had to face it: good as it was to come home as Colonel Rawson, famous over Europe for staff work requiring brains and manner, it was, nevertheless, an infernal bore.

He got out of the taxi, saw his things taken into the house, tipped the taxi-man more than he had ever been tipped before, and went in under the big stone portico to meet the tall frail man to minister to whose pride in his son he had come.

In spite of himself he enjoyed that family dinner. All the actor in him rose to the invitation of an appreciative audience, and he scintillated for their benefit as vividly as ever he had in staff-hut or legation. It couldn't last, he knew. But if he could only amuse himself and them—and incidentally keep that warm feeling that their interest aroused—for even a day or two, it would be so much gained. They must not guess at his boredom. It was only for a fortnight—perhaps ten days. He would have pleased the old man, beaming at him now from the head of the table over the daffodils in a Ruskin bowl; pleased Maisie, fussing over his comfort so tiringly. His heart was warm to them. Only ten days. He could surely be amusing for that period; show himself to the local intelligentsia, and bear them and his exhibition without murmuring. He had had more difficult things to do in his time. He could do it. He owed it to the old man.

The taxi-man, arriving back to his rank in the station square, said to his neighbour:

"Know who that was? Willie Rawson. Old Rawson's son. I remember when he hadn't a bean. And look what he tipped me. Trying to impress me. Thinks because he comes back with a 'colonel' to his name and money to burn, that folks'll forget that his father taught dancing. Huh!"

He went home to his high tea and entertained the family with his news. They subscribed to his sentiments and marvelled at Willie Rawson's "swank." His mother had "washed" for Mrs. Rawson in the days when a pair of tweed shorts went all down the family, and porridge and skimmed milk was breakfast and supper.

The taxi-man added that he had heard Miss Rawson say at the station that "father insisted on putting dinner back"; and his mother said bitterly, "And that's the man whose favourite dish was potatoes and herring."

So the news seeped through the town: Willie Rawson had come home; and the town was full of stories of him.

Not stories of what he had done, but of what he had been. They recalled how he used to sprinkle his conversation obnoxiously with French and German words. He might have been able to speak both languages fluently, but to use them in ordinary talk was the height of bad form. He had worn spats, too, and everyone knew that no one but third-rate "theatricals" wore the things. Strangely enough, and rather disappointingly, they could remember no love affairs. He had always been too busy with ploys of his own to be interested in other people—even girls. Even when he helped his father by being a partner in two-steps and the pas-de-quatre, he had shown no preference for one partner more than another. And no one was in love with him, now they came to think of it. He was very amusing, of course, but he had always been a bit of a joke. And when the war had broken out, he had blossomed forth immediately as an officer of territorials—amateur soldiering had been one of the aforesaid ploys—and had commandeered a horse and ridden round the country like a general. That was almost the best joke of all. No one rode horses in Feriton. Horses were things to pull delivery carts. Then he had gone away to the war, and had stayed away, and they had forgotten him. Very few of them read a London paper, and none of them was interested in any international matter other than football.

Now that he had come back, the women were curious to look on him as they would have been curious to see a dog with two heads, and the men, disapproving an open display of curiosity where they themselves dissembled it so well, emphasized their attitude of amused contempt. Meikle, the grocer, when he heard that two or three of his "County" customers had actually dined with the Rawsons, characterized him as "an impident puppy." Had he guessed the mixture of amusement and weariness which filled Rawson at the County's mental ineptitude and comic condescension, he would have burst with righteous indignation. Anderson of the Furniture Emporium said that he was "a good commercial traveller wasted," and was so pleased with the phrase that he went about the town repeating it, and when everyone had heard it, gave it a new lease of life by prefacing it with "As I say—" A lady most inconsiderately killed

it by saying, "Of course he is! There isn't anything Willie Rawson couldn't do. He would beat you all at your own jobs, if he were interested enough." Anderson thought it very bad taste on her part not to smile and agree, like everyone else. But she was queer, of course. Or perhaps she thought that she was going to get off with the so-called colonel.

When all the town had seen him at length, had sniggered at his accent, and had deplored his clothes, they fell back on amused recapitulation of his achievements forth of Feriton. The prevalent attitude was a mild marvelling at his cheek and contemptuous amusement at the people who had been taken in by him. He had wangled some foreign decorations—paid for them probably. People had consulted him about the terms of a treaty with somewhere. He had stayed with a prince of one of these German States. Willie Rawson! They hooted with laughter.

And on the evening of the tenth day Rawson stood on the departure platform feeling in his heart of hearts that he had not done so badly. Ten years of social training in a severe school had stood him in good stead. He had poured himself out without stint for their entertainment, and had hidden his thoughts and himself behind the parapet of his prodigality. His father was pleased, and Maisie. He had even given a public talk on things of moment to Britain, and had filched good things from the notes of the book he would one day write, to adorn his subject. The audience had been heavy—heavy as Polish soil in spring—and all humour that was not a joke of the most obvious had run ineffective off their bleak imperviousness. But the money had gone to a needy local charity. And his father was pleased, and Maisie.

He leaned from the doorway to say something amusing that might cheer them up. He was growing shaky, the old man. It wrung his heart to see. But they would have another holiday together—a gentle one. A little place in Sicily, perhaps.

The woman who kept the confectionery kiosk on the platform reported in detail the manner of his going.

"Nodding to Lord Lacing as if he had known him all his life!" she said. "And, of course, he had a *sleeper!*"

It was his final insult to them.

On Motoring in Horace's Country

By Arthur Caspersz

DOUBTLESS you would have said: "This whirling round
In planes* and high-powered cars† the quiet mind
Should shun, and stoic-fashion, seek to find
On English ground

Contentment." But remember! Long ago
You travelled, too; not merely, if you please,
Rome and your Sabine farm, but overseas—
Uncomfortably so,

I rather gather. Now in one brief ride
I saw Aricia,‡ where your first night's inn
Displeased you, on to Nemi's haunted linn,§
And thence returning spied

Romeward the green swathe of your Appian Way,
And crumbling mounds where Rome's forgotten dead
Are laid to sleep. And have they cause to dread
The judgment of today?

Another glorious morn my chariot bold
Climbed headlong Anio's steeps, where quick streams glide
Through apple-orchards,‖ by Mandela's side,¶
("Wrinkled with cold,"

* Pinnis non homini datis Coelum ipsum petimus stultitia (Odes I, iii, 35).

† Quadrigis petimus bene vivere (Epist. I, xi, 29).

‡ Egressum magna me accepit Aricia Roma Hospitio modico (Sat. I, v, 1).

§ The lake of the "Golden Bough" and Caligula's galleys.

‖ Et præceps Anio . . . et uda mobilibus pomaria rivis (Odes I, vii, 13).

¶ Gelidus Digentia rivus, Quem Mandela bibit, rugosus frigore pagus (Epist. I, xviii, 105).

You called it), mounting to that cloistered home*
Where printed books were born, and hooted down
To where you re-read Homer, Fortune's town,†
And back to Rome.

All this by modern magic born of speed,
Which strives to ease our disappointed age
By "One-way-street" ideas, to camouflage
Our need and greed

By stale specifics improvised. But you—
Conscious, as we are, of the uneasy sound
Of things unseen reverberating round—‡
Looked clearly through

Your world, and grateful for life's benison,
Sounded your little trumpet as you went:—
"Reverence," and "Duty," "Friendship," and "Content"§
And so passed on.

* Subiaco, 1467 (Augustine's "De Civitate Dei," among others).

† Trojani belli scriptorem, maxime Lolli, Dum tu declamas Romæ, Præneste relegi (Epist. I, ii, 1).

‡ Rumour and Broadcasting.

§ Di, probos mores docili juventæ,
Di, senectuti placidæ quietem,
Romulæ genti date remque prolemque
et decus omne . . .
Jam Fides et Pax et Honor Pudorque
Priscus et neglecta redire virtus
Audet. (Carmen Sæculare, 45, 57.)

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

"WHAT do you think of this Voronoff, Sarn't?" asked Heddle.

"To tell you the truth, Heddle," answered Sergeant Murphy, "whin I want to see good dancin', I go and have a look at the eight Lancashire Lads. The Russian ballet doesn't——"

"This isn't a dancer," said Heddle indignantly. "It's that Russian chap that cures old age and what not."

"I get you now, Heddle. I didn't at first, because your Russian accent isn't as pure as it might be. You're talkin' of Serge—the man that's brought the biggest boon to humanity since Heinz discovered that the bean 'ud bake. Hats off to him!

"Here we've been for ages devotin' time and money to infant welfare while—bar the invintion of golf—not a thing has been done for the other end of the scale. Veterans of eighty and ninety have been premachoorly passin' from among us, and up to now nobody has had the sinse to start a Save The Aged Movement. I'll bet you'll walk London for hours and the divil an ould man's crèche you'll find.

"But all that's goin' to finish. To our hospitable shores has come our frind Serge, accompanied be a wagon-load of monkeys, and Anno Domini Esquire is no longer goin' to have things all his own way. Bath-chair shares are fallin' like autumn leaves in Valparaiso. Dintists are puttin' out new season's models in dintures for the young man of ninety-three. Hopes are risin' in the hearts of obstinate spinsters whose birthdays are nearin' three figures. And everybody in the senile class is whisperin' to himself or herself, 'I shall pass through this world but wance. Let me passage be as long as possible, and while there's a chimpanzee in Africa, you bet it's goin' to be.'

"Mind you, Heddle, Serge doesn't say, 'Thry my simian mixture and you can tell the undertaker's traveller he needn't call for orders for another fifty years.' There are people that 'ud find no message in that. The real atthraction is that he says that the patient on recovery

will be able to jump five-barred gates and go to the floor with a rate-collector for the fun of the thing. Look what that means to railway directors, most of whom have wan foot in the grave and the other in the registhered offices of the company. And Methuselah golfers, who always have two caddies, wan young with the clubs, the other ould with a scythe, can now set to work hopefully to get their handicaps down.

"Thin there's the fellahs that write reminiscences—they'll be able to produce 'Wan Hundhred Years of Binch and Bar,' and the queens of song, veteran fiddlers, piano-players and the like will be able to contimplate a series of farewell concerts that will sthretch over a good sixty years."

"That's all very fine," said Heddle; "but if all the old people have the treatment, there won't be near enough monkeys to go round."

"Won't there?" replied the Sergeant. "The demand will create the supply. It'll be just like rubber. There'll be the two kinds—wild monkey and plantation monkey. Monkey farms will spring up everywhere, and the Monkey Exchange will be established in the City. In the mornin' paper you'll read, 'Bangkok monkeys forward descriptions were inquired for,' or 'Simian September deliveries hardened on a report that boll weevil has broken out among the coconuts in the Congo area.' This counthry, havin' the biggest thropical area to dhraw on, will be able to conthrol the output and the prices, and the Americans, findin' there's an increase in the cost of livin', will raise hell in Congress and demand immediate payment of the whole of the war debt."

"Some people say," remarked Heddle, "that it can't be good for a man to have pieces of a monkey grafted on to him."

"No rose without its thorn, Heddle," said the Sergeant. "Still, to tell you the truth, that's the part of the business that doesn't appeal to me. It'll be all fine and large to have a centenarian great-grandfather hoppin' about like a newly-married grasshopper, but if wan fine day he takes it into his head to gallop up a three and sit out on a branch scratchin' himself, the relations will be apt to curse the day that he joined the glanded gintry."

All the Losers and Some Winners

By Horace Shipp

Six Characters in Search of an Author. By Pirandello. (Globe.)
Light Opera Season. (Court.)
The Return of the Soldier. By John van Druten. (Playhouse.)

MR. COCHRAN, stepping on the American boat to attend the transatlantic production of *This Year of Grace!* assured a distraught theatrical world that "If the public likes a play, it suceeeds; if not, it fails. It's as simple as that." I can only imagine that he uttered this *obiter dictum* in a mood of ironic dismissal of worrying pressmen; or, maybe, as a statement of that hit-or-miss policy of incompetence which characterizes the management of theatres and would spell ruin to anybody in any other line of business. At the moment it is spelling ruin to most of the theatre gentlemen. Some sort of summer weather, daylight savings, dog racing, dirt-track racing, and the ubiquity of the owner-driver have devastated the world of the theatre. With a certain type of play a run for "one consecutive night," to quote Beerbohm Tree's *bon mot,* is becoming a fashion, or as near as makes no difference, to the managements concerned. Whereupon, in terror, pausing only to dictate one frantic letter to the Press protesting against the advent of summer and the devastating legacy of Mr. Willett, they proceed to put upon the stage just exactly the kind of play that has miserably failed.

In a climate like ours it may be fairly safe to bank upon the theatre as umbrella, but the gentlemen who do so must be prepared to close and carry it during dry spells, and should have providently put by for a sunny day. Failing that solution of their difficulties, they might try catering for, cultivating, and thereby increasing the numbers of the intelligent theatre-goers.

A glance at the casualty lists reveals that the stuff most approaching the highbrow stands the heat as well as, if not better than, the farce-comedy or crook-play beloved by the managements. Not invariably, for since a great number of cultured people have given up the habit of theatre-going because they are practically uncatered for, each intelligent production has practically to create its own public. Against this the managements

which have pursued a consistent policy of giving good work have created a faithful public, and wherever the mercury happens to be, that public will be in the theatre. Sir Nigel Playfair, whose name in the honours list was a deserved tribute to his service to the English theatre, suffers as little as any manager from this theatrical sunstroke; the opera public, facing every variety of discomfort, and enormous prices at the height of the summer, is faithful; a season of good-class light opera at the Court Theatre has found its public; and Sir Barry Jackson's work there had its following for every play and every type of play he put on. Yvette Guilbert and Ruth Draper have each had triumphant times during the very depths of the slump.

Against this record of the success of much of the best must be written the failure of Pirandello's *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, and perhaps of Robert Sherwood's *The Road to Rome*, but of the virtues of this piece I can only speak from hearsay, for it was withdrawn before I saw it. The Pirandello needed, I believe, a more intimate theatre than *The Globe*, and certainly needed different production than that accorded by Mr. Ayliff. It was pedestrian and prosaic, with none of the mental movement of Pirandello's brilliant work, and a distressing naturalism which made hay of the live fantasy. Miss Black, in the important part of the step-daughter, was too strident and got badly out of key with the rest of the production. Mr. Fewlass Llewellyn, in the character of the manager, was outstanding from a cast which seemed never to get to grips with the play. Now that the censor has withdrawn his ban from this play (and again triumphantly demonstrated the illogical elasticity of our English institutions which makes foreigners despair and the institutions in question succeed) it would be excellent if, despite the failure of this hurried production in a difficult season, we could, later, have another effort with some of the glory of the 1922 Stage Society performance. M. Komisarjevsky then produced; Franklyn Dyall, if I remember, played the father, Muriel Pratt magnificently played the stepdaughter, Alfred Clark the manager, and Freddy Peisley made himself famous in the wordless part of the boy. Please try again, Sir Barry, next autumn, with due attention

to production and publicity. Ernest Milton is promising us Pirandello's fine *Henry IV* when he goes into management in the autumn, and it may well be that after the booms in recent years of Ibsen, Tchehov, and Strindberg, Pirandello will achieve a vogue here.

The light-opera season at the Court Theatre is meeting with the success it deserves. Commencing with that just favourite of Mozart enthusiasts, *Cosi Fan Tutti*, its second bill consists of three shorter pieces: Vaughan-Williams's *Shepherds of the Delectable Mountains*, De Falla's *Puppet Show of Master Pedro*, and Schubert's *Faithful Sentinel*. The plan is a courageous one, and lovers of the lighter forms of music drama might well hope for regular opportunity to see this type of work, and as earnest of their enthusiasm support this venture.

One other play which has achieved an immediate success is John van Druten's dramatization of Rebecca West's *Return of the Soldier*. It is far from perfect, our critical faculties assert; the machinery is creaky, the amount of explanation in ratio to action wrong, and the real big climax of the drama shamefully shirked—but Mr. van Druten knows how to get at our emotions, how to make people poignantly alive, how to hold our whole beings concentrated on the stage. The play is amazingly served by Mary Clare, although the part she has plays itself. Leon Quartermain, in the part of the soldier, plays boldly, but we miss the subtlety which would have made the part telling in the way that Maurice Browne gave up his Unknown Warrior. Yet, with all our strictures, this is a fine piece of work, and will almost certainly succeed while the cheap-witted stuff dies around it.

So we return to our belief that the interests of the box office, as well as the art of the theatre, are more likely to be served by the steady cultivation of intelligent audiences who know the standard of play they are likely to get, than by casual catering for the uninformed entertainment seeker. This latter admits no claim of culture upon his attendance, has no real need of the theatre; and the managements who have encouraged him to indulge his brainlessness have no cause for complaint if he goes to the dogs and leaves the English theatre to follow.

Books

ANTHOLOGIES

ENGLAND IN JOHNSON'S DAY. By M. DOROTHY GEORGE. Methuen. 6s.

THIS volume, one of the series of "English Life in English Literature," gives well-chosen views of the eighteenth century all round, with one exception. Miss George has already written on the period, and her seventeen sections in two parts range from the Church to the theatre, and crime and punishment to sport. Already Addison was complaining of foreign opera singers, as indignant writers in the Press do today, and explaining:

> In short, our notions of music are so very uncertain, that we do not know what it is we like; only, in general, we are transported with anything that is not English; so be it of foreign growth, let it be Italian, French, or High Dutch, it is the same thing.

Addison, however, went much farther in his chaff of woman's extravagances than the Press ventures today. The taste of the time may have been limited, but it was superior to that demanded or tolerated by a half-educated democracy. Satire, of which Miss George has culled some effective instances, flourished both in verse and prose, and her little prefaces serve to moderate its unfairness.

Publication by subscription of big books, like Gibbon's, was very sensible and may well be revived. The system of patronage produced, on the whole, good results, and the nobility played a part in art and letters they cannot boast today. The independence of authors was promoted by Johnson; but when they became the servants of the public they yielded to the popular fads of the time. What is missing in this survey is Sentimentality. That inverted virtue might appear under "Prejudices, Follies, and Fashions," but it is important enough to have a section to itself. It was invented in the eighteenth century, went on to dominate the nineteenth, and in the twentieth is so rampant a weed as to thrust honest work out of the market and falsify sound ideas of conduct. Goldsmith on the drama, Boswell and, still better, Mrs. Thrale on Johnson, illustrate this fashionable prolongation of sentiment beyond true feeling.

The summary and extracts illustrating "Crime and Punishment" are of particular interest. The shambles of Tyburn and the savagery of the law make hideous reading. But it might be even worse. Women found guilty of coining were burnt till 1790, and the Government which reduced a young wife to beggary by pressing her husband to sea sentenced her to death for taking some coarse linen off the counter of a shop and laying it down again as the shopman gazed at her. This case hardly supports Fielding's view of the amiability and tenderness with which the English law proceeds against those accused of capital crimes. The poor in the eighteenth century had, indeed, a poor time of it, though Defoe points out that English labouring people ate and drank three times as much as any foreigner of the same standing.

There are several good sections from Le Blanc and other little-known authors, and notes are added where necessary. "Philly-reas," page 215, were evergreens introduced from the shores of the Mediterranean and frequently cut into the fantastic shapes derided by Pope on page 209. V. R.

THE WHITE WALLET. Filled by PAMELA GREY. Dent. 5s.

THIS anthology, alike in its ornamentation and contents, shows distinction, a "divine release from the ordinary ways of men." It is unusual in its width of choice and in the detail that the collector prints much of her own charming writing. She moves in a world of fairy-tale, of dream and vision where the mystic gets beyond this material world, and she rejoices in the things that make life gracious. Maxims which proclaim the false values and judgments of that world abound. Crosland to our taste is over-presented in thirty-three extracts. But there is a happy collection of poetry, both old and modern, and good things not commonly known are supplied by Ellen Terry, Emily Dickinson, Henry Cust, and Edward FitzGerald. Samuel Butler's sonnet denying immortality is printed with the comment, "A fine sonnet, but may heaven light on the soul of he (him ?) who wrote it." Here "mead" should be "meadow." Milton's name should be added to the first piece on page 58, and Matthew (not Edwin) Arnold wrote the lovely unrhymed lines on page 34.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

ROSSETTI: HIS LIFE AND WORKS. By EVELYN WAUGH. Duckworth. 12s. 6d. net.

WITHOUT pretending to add anything material to the published facts concerning Gabriel Charles Dante Rossetti—who, like Balzac, Stevenson, and other eminent men, made slight alterations in his designation—Mr. Evelyn Waugh's account of the painter-poet well justifies its existence. It gathers up as much as almost any reader will want to know about the habits and temperament of the man himself, and discusses his achievements with a clarity which makes it easy to distinguish the author's personal views from the conventional "opinions" of the æsthetic flock. It is fair and frank, without any of that sniggering which, in too many memoirs of men much lower than the angels, recalls the whisperings behind a hand of someone who habitually gives the benefit of assumed truth to any unverified discredit.

There are plenty of men and women, not all young, likely to read such a book as this to whom the time-worn tale of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood will come with a measure of freshness. Millais, Madox Brown, Holman Hunt, are scarcely more than names to many who are fond of picture galleries. Perhaps nothing here marks the lapse of time in the outlook on art more

forcibly than the apoplectic "criticism" which Dickens uttered on the picture by Millais of "Christ in the House of His Parents."

Ruskin, to whom Rossetti owed so much, both of sympathy and solid help, is admirably dealt with in this book, wherein the immensely valuable influence which, in spite of some serious errors, he has exercised on taste and opinion is more intelligently represented than in any other recent study of his period. Summing up the relations between the author of "Unto this Last"—the subject of which Rossetti regarded as "bosh"—and the painter of "Beata Beatrix," Mr. Waugh writes: "I do not see any reason to laugh at the older and more generous man; if he was partly a prig, Rossetti was partly a cad, and it is extraordinary how little there is that is priggish in any of his dealings with Rossetti."

Mr. Waugh's own critical relation to Rossetti's work as a painter is brightly illuminated by his declaration—begun, it is true, with a qualifying adverb—that the "Beata Beatrix" is "perhaps the most purely spiritual and devotional work of European art since the fall of the Byzantine Empire." This opinion, he adds, "is offered as a considered judgment and not as an ecstatic outburst."

The pages devoted to the poems are few, but enough in a volume of no great size. They include happily-chosen examples in support of the author's appreciations. The book is well illustrated. By the way, the photograph of "The Beloved" seems discordant with the adjoining statement that, in repainting, the little negress became a boy.

SIR ROBERT PEEL. By A. A. W. RAMSAY. Constable. 14s.

WE think more of Peel than we did after reading Miss Ramsay's excellent monograph. His merits have been obscured by the rise of his avowed rival, Disraeli, to greater brilliancy. Disraeli could hardly see the best in a statesman who delayed the opening of his career, and his views of Peel were wanting in the generosity Peel showed to him on a notorious occasion in Parliament. This book is thus in part a rebuttal of Disraelian bias; and while the author wisely does not attempt to justify all Peel's decisions and doings, she makes a good case for his change of mind on two leading questions and his various decisions on the question of resignation. His integrity and loyalty were always notable, and he had a very awkward colleague in Wellington.

Where his record is disappointing, it is easy to find a reason. He was cold in manner and morbidly sensitive about affronts. He bungled his relations with the young Queen, and power increased his imperious temper.

A few more dates would have assisted the reader to follow an attractive narrative. Usually Miss Ramsay's writing should be clear to the intelligent student of history, but is he likely to

know about "Poulett Thompson's motion in 1836"? Thompson was then President of the Board of Trade and attempted to modify the law by allowing children of over twelve to work twelve hours a day. The detail is important, as Peel's attitude on factory legislation has been widely disputed.

DAY IN, DAY OUT. By MRS. AUBREY LE BLOND. With 29 Illustrations. Lane. 12s. 6d.

MR. E. F. BENSON in his Foreword rightly explains that this is a memoir of unusual value. The author has not only been intimate with notable folk, but she has been a pioneer in many directions—one of those capable people who find adventures in their enterprising life and deserve them. Hence the book has a wide range and something of the Elizabethan versatility. There is a good deal about Burnaby of Khiva, the author's first husband, an ideal soldier with brains and a gift of persistency. We heard some years since from one of his club companions that, though smoking meant for him nausea, he insisted on it—a typical touch. Mrs. Le Blond, always ready to outgo the stiff ideas of Victorian propriety, made Alpine ascents and did much to establish winter sports. She heard the first guns in the war, and lectured to the British troops in France. She was equally at home in Morocco under Marshal Lyautey, and in the cinema world of Hollywood. Her success, often in difficult circumstances, is a tribute to her personality and enthusiasm. Her photographs are excellent, as might be expected from an expert.

GUIDE TO SHAKESPEARE'S STRATFORD. By EDGAR I. FRIPP. Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d.

THE summer brings the guide-book to the fore with its tabulated facts and the jaunty humour which the compiler generally adds to make them palatable. He writes a concise journalese which does not convey any particular enthusiasm. This little book on Stratford is a very different affair. It follows Stratford's greatest man with a keen and expert interest, giving references for the statements made; so that the reader can, if he pleases, follow up the research which has gone to the realization of Shakespeare's home and environment during the years which leave such deep impressions. Mr. Fripp has already given us an interesting book about Shakespeare's friend, Richard Quyny, and he uses the work of other scholars—notably Mrs. C. C. Stopes—who have delved in dusty manuscripts and found a significant detail here and there. Halliwell-Phillipps did a good deal for Shakespearian research which he put into his "Outlines," but he gave a false impression of boorish Stratford. The best families sent their sons to the universities, and an eleven-year-old grocer's boy could write to his father a very creditable letter in Latin. Mr. Fripp has found in the Stratford records a schoolmaster and a curate who fit the characters of *Love's Labour's*

Lost, and he vivifies for us several local figures, not all worthies. The illustrations do justice to the old buildings of the town, which are certainly worth looking after.

FICTION

THE MAN WHO KNEW COOLIDGE: BEING THE SOUL OF LOWELL SCHMALTZ. By SINCLAIR LEWIS. Cape. 7s. 6d. net.

IF the author's object was to realize an American bore so perfectly that most of his readers would feel as if they were suffering from the man himself, he may be congratulated on a masterly performance. The "one-hundred-per-cent. American" may be as absurd and as wearisome a babbler of egotistical lies and exaggerations as Mr. Lowell Schmaltz (the business friend of our old acquaintance Mr. Babbitt, of Zenith, in the Middle West); but this report (covering over 250 pages in mercifully large type) of his untiring monologue, with himself as hero, seems humour beaten very thin to a reader whose memories go back to Artemus Ward and Mark Twain. Both of them, though they died before the "hundred-per-cent." people had spread themselves, made more joy out of the kind of mentality shown in Mr. Schmaltz than Mr. Lewis has in this book succeeded in suggesting.

Typical humours are an interview with President Coolidge which, though described by Mr. Schmaltz, never, in fact, occurred; a motor tour to the Yellowstone Park which actually reached only to within several hundred miles of that wonderful recreation ground; and a story about an Englishman, a Jew, and an Irishman; wrecked with a girl on a Pacific island, which Mr. Schmaltz never brings to a finish.

Of the other people in the book Mrs. Schmaltz, Delmerine Schmaltz, and her brother, Cousin Walt, and chance acquaintances in trains and clubs and hotels and motor camps, we only know through the mouth of Mr. Schmaltz himself.

THE MAN IN THE DARK. By JOHN FERGUSON. Lane. 7s. 6d.

THIS is one of the best detective stories we have read for some time. Mr. Ferguson writes very well and is free from the over-elaboration and abnormalities which we have noticed in recent fiction of the sort. In one point he is old-fashioned and none the less effective for that. His narrative is developed by accounts from various people who each contribute their quota. This is the method of Wilkie Collins, who still ranks as a first-rate hand at a mystery.

The novelty of the book is that the "Man in the Dark," who is on the spot when the murder to be investigated is done, is a blind man. The traces of his presence lead to the unravelling of the crime by a sardonic Scot who is cleverer than the police.

SHORT CIRCUITS. By STEPHEN LEACOCK. Lane. 7s. 6d.

A REVIEWER, reading continuously through a collection of high jinks, may easily get a surfeit of that sort of thing and be unfair to the humorist. Mr. Leacock stands the test pretty well, and has won a leading position in what is all too small a band. True, he deals with America, which supplies more startling material for comment than this country. But the fads and follies are the same in both, and many of our plays, speaking and speechless, are, after all, American. Mr. Leacock is excellent in his reports on cinema subjects. Thus, regarding the *Merchant of Venice*, it is pointed out that Shylock had better be a Mexican, and that, as there are not enough Americans in the piece, the principal characters should be made American visitors to Venice. The trivialities and revelations of the writers of memoirs are well hit off, and we like, under "Hands Across the Sea," the "successful removal of Buckingham Palace to its new site in Mauch Chunk, Pa., where it will serve as the home of the Rotary Club." The merely verbal jokes which help to swell the pages are not always good, but Mr. Leacock is a genuine social satirist with a discerning eye, and his hits far exceed his misses. The special American gift of exaggeration he exploits with amazing facility.

TALES AND ROMANCES. By SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH. THE DUCHY EDITION. Vols. I–VI. Dent. 3s. 6d. each.

HERE is the first collected edition of a series of stories we remember with pleasure. Very reasonable in price, it may bring to a new generation a welcome breath of straight romance—overheightened perhaps, sometimes, to a critical eye, but always told with a keen sense of style and a freshness that seems to have largely faded from literature since Freud came. The learned Professor, who looks back on his ventures in new prefaces, can have little to regret in his earlier writing. He was always enterprising and went on from the success of "Dead Man's Rock" to Troy and that "Delectable Duchy" whose secret is not revealed to smart journalists. "Noughts and Crosses," long out of print, contains some of his best work.

CIVILIZATION AND POLITICS

CIVILIZATION. By CLIVE BELL. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

PEOPLE may be less complacent about what we playfully call our civilization after reading Mr. Bell, for he is a wicked and witty critic of an age in which there is a lot of taste about and most of it bad. He evidently enjoys the art of derision; but, after pointing out several things which do not necessarily mean civilization, he produces tests of real value on his theme. Choosing Athens in her flowering time, Renaissance Italy, and France from Fronde to Revolution, as periods with an undisputed claim

to high civility, he discovers in them a sense of values and a critical spirit which leads on to the enthronement of reason. These he takes to be parent qualities of high civilization. A sense of values means sacrificing obvious and immediate goods for more subtle and remote ones, preferring beauty to comfort, and a liberal education to a technical. This is excellent, but we are not so clear about reason and its varying results, though it affords a contrast to the savage who is too busy making a living to think.

Throughout, Mr. Bell somewhat limits his inquiry by frankly adopting the attitude of the refined hedonist. Thus he puts aside the fate of the rest, who help to supply the leisure the civilized need, and is not concerned with Johnson's definition: " A decent provision for the poor is the true test of civilization." As we read, we think of Matthew Arnold on culture, but also of Raleigh who wrote of " high principles, bishops, and all the complicated nonsense of civilization." The moralist has no quarter here, and Plato's " Symposium " is not, we conceive, less commended because it was an occasion for fine excess among the conversers. The same features belong to the next best party of which we know, Haydon's record of Keats, Wordsworth, Lamb and a foolish Comptroller of Stamps.

The whole book is a delight in its wit and ease, and reminds us of that εὐτραπελία which Aristotle defined as educated hubris. And, if anything deserves scorn, it is the profiteer's paradise and the equally vulgar desires of those who pine for his chances.

THE TRIUMPHANT MACHINE: A STUDY OF MACHINE CIVILIZATION. By R. M. FOX. Hogarth Press. 5s.

MR. FOX, who spent many years as an apprentice and journeyman, has all the art of an accomplished writer, and dwells poignantly on the influence of the factory on the workers, the deadening curse of jobs endlessly repeated in surroundings devoid of beauty. He says that the machine has been considered at the expense of the man who runs it. Starved of all that makes life good, the factory hand grows discontented and flames out into rebellion. It is suggested that with the growth of huge industrial plants the individual becomes more and more insignificant and is lost amid the massive forces which manipulate him. We have heard, however, of shop stewards and strikers who get their own way. The ever-growing departmentalism of work is undoubtedly a mistake from the point of view of the human mind which needs variety, but the trade unions with their absurd rules and prohibitions are responsible for this. The human recoil against mechanization is a natural instinct now widely recognized, and it is only in Bolshevik Russia that the machine has been glorified as supreme. We learn, however, that work

among machines leads here, too, to a mechanical view of the universe. While much that Mr. Fox brings forward is vivid, his bitterness does not improve his case. He exaggerates the indifference to working humanity and makes several dubious statements. We do not believe the foreigner who declares that the English are revolutionary, nor can we endorse a foolish remark like this:

> In the older romances no hint of the need for earning a living is ever given. All that is decently veiled.

To say that sports' clubs and other recreations promoted by employers for the leisure time of workers started "always with the dominant idea of regulating their lives in the interests of production" is not true. For instance, the music teaching organized many years since at the great Thames Ironworks had no such intention behind it. It became a real pleasure to the men when they got over that attitude of suspicion which a book like this may encourage. Some of the unfairness Mr. Fox rightly resents is not confined to machine workers. It is found in many trades and callings. Jealousy is a universal instinct. The need for freedom and beauty is being expressed today in a new literature. That is well: it is less well to find conciliation regarded as a humbug which will bring no advantage to the men or the machine. Mr. Fox has real gifts of expression, but he is too angry and prejudiced to be a good advocate. The punctuation is often inadequate. See, for instance, the second sentence on p. 139.

THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS. By LIEUT.-COMMANDER J. M. KENWORTHY, R.N., M.P., and GEORGE YOUNG, M.V.O. Hutchinson. 18s.

THE first object of the authors of this book is to re-inspire and re-direct "the policy of the British people as to sea-power"; this they propose to do by "substituting an acceptance of facts for an allegiance to fictions." Briefly stated, the policy the authors advocate is that, because of the new conditions of naval warfare imposed by aeroplanes and submarines, and because we have, in fact, abandoned our claim to command of the seas by accepting the principle of American parity, we should make haste to come to an agreement with the United States with a view to a joint policy of pacification by sea-power, to be wielded by an Anglo-American sea police. They are at pains to prove that such an association—which in plain English amounts to Anglo-American command of the seas—is not only feasible, but imperatively indicated as the only means of avoiding suicidal competition in naval armaments and increasing sources of conflict. They propose, in fact, that, instead of being "two armed gunmen, warily eyeing each other over a poker game," England and America should come together as "a brotherhood of two gendarmes guarding the peace of the world." By a curious coincidence much of the wind has been taken out of the sails of

this particular adventure in pacifism by Mr. Kellogg's scheme for the general outlawry of war. If the world at large should be convinced, as Lord Reading is, that the signing of Mr. Kellogg's proposed pact would, for the first time in history, give mankind security against war, then the revolution in sea-power upon which the authors base their main thesis loses most of the importance they attach to it. In its exposition of the curious workings of the pacifist's mind the book is undeniably interesting; but the man in the street is likely to be more attracted by the excellent photographs and arguments whereby the writers prove that in naval warfare the day of the surface ship is over. The general reader will probably conclude that the crucial question of the freedom of the seas remains the same today as it was when Wilson included it in his fourteen points, viz. whether any nation engaged in a private (as distinct from a League of Nations) war is entitled to interrupt the sea-borne trade of the rest of the world—a question which would obviously be complicated, rather than solved, by an Anglo-American policing of the seas.

In the domain of politics Commander Kenworthy and his collaborator are incorrigible theorists. The lessons of recent history, the vastly increased range and efficiency of the machinery by which Demos can be stampeded into hostilities, the fear of real or imaginary dangers, the simple fact that every modern war has been, and will always be, called "defensive" by the nation which began it—all these things count for nothing against their assumption that fidelity to contract, as between the British and American Governments, will outweigh and outlive every possible cause of strife. The same pretence of implicit belief in a new international morality underlies all the pacts and treaties wherewith politicians have sought to soothe a war-weary world since 1919. But the essence of national statecraft still lies in Spinoza's dictum: "It matters little, as regards the security of the State, what the motives of rulers may be in the successful administration of affairs. Liberty or strength of soul is the virtue of private persons; the virtue of the State is security." In other words, every nation which values its ideals and liberties—not to mention its food supplies—must be prepared to defend them; and history contains no example of a great nation which has done so successfully by surrendering its freedom of independent action in advance. J. O. P. B.

GENERAL

AMERICA. By HENDRIK VAN LOON. Harrap. 10s. 6d.

THIS book is a real achievement, for which Dr. Van Loon deserves the thanks of his readers. Starting from the discovery of the New World (and as early as A.D. 983 Norway was in touch with Greenland), he traces the development of North America up till today. With strict impartiality, and more than a little

humour, he has set down the facts without fear or favour; and even those with a considerable knowledge of American history will find here much food for thought. His style, typically American, often rises to true wit; and some of his epigrams remain in the mind as pithy, yet withal kindly, summaries of essential truth. He is, indeed, a master of the quotable phrase. Of Columbus and his fellow-explorers he says that they sailed "by God and by guess," though his inverted commas show that he does not claim the phrase as his own. "Start a political upheaval and let yourself be caught," he remarks, "and you will hang as a traitor. But place yourself at the head of a rebellion and gain your point, and all future generations will worship you as the Father of their Country." He is, perhaps, a little hard on the Stuarts when he refers to their "well-known habit of rewarding faithful servants with promissory notes upon something that belonged to someone else," for history teems with instances of payment in such dubious coinage. But when he says of the Jesuits that they are "the shock-troops of the Catholic Church," his statement is shrewd and penetrating, without being derogatory.

Chapter XVI, headed "Horizons of Hope," is a remarkably terse summary of unsentimentalized fact; and he rightly remarks that "the (American) Revolution was a mere incident, although noisy enough to attract a great deal of attention." He shows without bias the share of the various European nations in the colonization of the New World, and a broad outlook enables him to appreciate the virtues and failings of all races—including his own.

The book is well printed and very reasonable in price. The illustrations are original and intriguing, and there is a useful index.

FILMS OF THE YEAR, 1927–1928. The Studio. 5s.

THE film gradually wins its place as an accepted art form. Granted that when we say this we tacitly eliminate from consideration 90 per cent. of the films exhibited, but the minority are consciously built on an æsthetic and consciously received by the discriminating artistic public.

The *Studio* has done the film a service in publishing this book, with its thirty-two full-page plates of "stills," each with a little note to draw attention to the particular art value and expression value underlying it. A study of such a collection of the significant moments of the year's fine films will make any of us more aware of what we should be seeking in the cinema. The introduction by Mr. Robert Herring, short though it be, gives us the first principles of the film producer's art. Naturally, the film enthusiast will be critical of omissions, but allowance must be made for the exigencies of space. The "landscape" shape of the volume is rather ungainly, but this could probably not be helped, and is a small fault in a good book.